

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa in the Years 1822, 1823, and 1824, by Major Denham, Capt. Clapperton, and the late Dr. Oudney. Extending across the Great Desert to the Tenth Degree of Northern Latitude, and from Kouka, in Bornou, to Sackatoo, the Capital of the Felatah Empire. With an Appendix. By MAJOR DIXON DENHAM, and CAPT. HUGH CLAPPERTON, R.N., the survivors of the Expedition. 4to. pp. 672. London, 1826. Murray.

THE knowledge that an expedition like that of Major Denham and Capt. Clapperton had been planned and executed, and the vague accounts which, from time to time, appeared in the newspapers of its progress, excited no ordinary interest, particularly as Africa has been the grave of European travellers, and numerous expeditions have been fitted out, yet few discoveries made,—few indeed, and we should almost say valueless, when we consider the price of human life, at which they have been purchased. Even the expedition, of which the volume before us is a narrative, lost one of the three adventurers, of which it was formed, and the others encountered such air-breadth 'scapes, as might well deter others from such enterprises, were there not persons ready to brave every danger and encounter every difficulty; so eager, indeed, are some of our travellers, that they would 'pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,' and brave a summer in the tropic or a winter in the Arctic circle—nay, they have done this,—without any adequate stimulus, save that of fame.

The travels of Major Denham and Capt. Clapperton are divided into three parts; the first relates to an excursion from Tripoli to Mourzuk, and thence westward to Ghraal—the latter narrative written by Dr. Oudney; the second is Major Denham's narrative of travels from Mourzuk to Kouka, in Bornou, with excursions to Mandara, Munga, Gamberon, Loggun, and the eastern shores of the Lake Tchad; thirdly, Capt. Clapperton's narrative of a journey from Kouka to Murrur, Kano, and Sackatoo, which is situated in lat. 13° 4' 52" N. and long. 6° 12' E.

As in the course of their travels, our adventurers explored lands hitherto unknown to European discovery, and met with people so totally different from what was expected in the interior of Africa, their work is valuable and interesting. Many of the details indeed are so extraordinary, that did not the character of the narrators prevent all suspicion of their veracity, they might fairly be doubted; to find, however, a warlike and

well-disciplined nation, with three thousand well-armed cavalry, in the interior of Africa, is what, we believe, no person ever dreamt of, and poor Mungo Park would not have had the courage to state, lest it should throw a doubt over the whole of his narrative. It may perhaps seem strange in us, and beginning quite at the wrong end of the business, but, as Sackatoo was the boundary of the expedition, we shall make a description of it in our first extract:—

'Sackatoo is situate near the junction of an inconsiderable stream with the same river which flows past Zirel, and which, taking its rise between Kashna and Kano, is said to fall into the Quarra four days' journey to the west. The name, in their language, signifies 'a halting-place,' the city being built by the Felatahs after the conquest of Goober and Zamfra, as near as I could learn, about the year 1805. It occupies a long ridge which slopes gently towards the north, and appeared to me the most populous town I had visited in the interior of Africa; for, unlike most other towns in Haussa, where the houses are thinly scattered, it is laid out in regular well-built streets. The houses approach close to the walls, which were built by the present sultan in 1818, after the death of his father; the old walls being too confined for the increasing population. This wall is between twenty and thirty feet high, and has twenty gates, which are regularly closed at sunset. There are two large mosques, including the new one, at present building by the gadado, besides several other places for prayer. There is a spacious market-place in the centre of the city, and another large square in front of the sultan's residence. The dwellings of the principal people are surrounded by high walls, which inclose numerous coozes and flat-roofed houses, built in the Moorish style; whose large water spouts, of baked clay, projecting from the eaves, resemble, at first sight, a tier of guns. The inhabitants are principally Felatahs, possessing numerous slaves. Such of the latter as are not employed in domestic duties, reside in houses by themselves, where they follow various trades, the master, of course, reaping the profit. Their usual employments are weaving, house building, shoe making, and iron work; many bring fire-wood to the market for sale. Those employed in raising grain and tending cattle, of which the Felatahs have immense herds, reside in villages without the city. It is customary for private individuals to free a number of slaves every year according to their means, during the great feast after the Rhamadan. The enfranchised seldom return to their native country, but continue to reside near their old mas-

ters, still acknowledging them as their superiors, and presenting them yearly with a portion of their earnings. The trade of Sackatoo is at present inconsiderable, owing to the disturbed state of the surrounding country. The necessaries of life are very cheap; butcher's meat is in great plenty, and very good.'

Major Denham, to whom the superintendence of the whole work has been committed, in the outset notices the great influence of the English name at Tripoli, where there is scarcely a point to carry, or a dispute to settle, in which the bashaw does not request the interference of the British consul. The British consulate is a sort of sanctuary, where if murderers fly for protection, it is not violated by the bashaw, though we need not say that no Englishman would suffer the banner of his country to be disgraced by the protection of assassins. One circumstance related by Major Denham, confirms his remark as to the great estimation in which the English character is held there.

'A poor wretch who, for some trifling offence, was sentenced to five hundred bastinadoes, having, while on his way to receive the sentence of the law, contrived to slip from the custody of his guards, fortunately met with the child and servant of Dr. Dickson, a most respectable and intelligent English physician, practising in Tripoli; the condemned wretch with wonderful presence of mind, snatched up the child in his arms, and halted boldly before his pursuers. The talisman was sufficiently powerful, the emblem of innocence befriended the guilty, and the culprit walked on uninterrupted, triumphantly claiming the protection of the English flag.'

Major Denham, who did not leave London until after Captain Clapperton and Dr. Oudney had quitted it, left Tripoli on the 5th of March, 1822, to join his associates at Lenioleed, and they then all set out for Mourzuk; nothing very particular occurred in this journey, but while residing at Sockna, our travellers witnessed the marriage of the son of one of the richest inhabitants in the true Arab style, and Major Denham says:—

'There is something so rudely chivalric in their ceremonies, (so very superior to the dull monotony of a Tripolitan wedding,) where from one to five hundred guests, all males, assemble, covered with gold lace, and look at one another, from the evening of one day until day light the next, that I cannot help describing them:—

'The morning of the marriage-day, (for the ceremony is always performed in the evening, that is the final ceremony; for they are generally betrothed, and the fatah read, a year before,) is ushered in by the music of

the town, or tribe, consisting of a bagpipe and two small drums, serenading the bride first, and then the bridegroom, who generally walks through the streets very finely dressed, with all the town at his heels; during which time the women all assemble at the bride's house, dressed in their finest clothes, and place themselves at the different holes in the wall, which serve as windows, and look into the court-yard. When they are so placed, and the bride is in front of one of the windows, with her face entirely covered with her barracan, the bridal clothes, consisting of silk shifts, shawls, silk trousers, and fine barracans, to show her riches, are hung from the top of the house, quite reaching to the ground; the young Arab chiefs are permitted to pay their respects; they are preceded from the kiffa, or entrance, by their music, and a dancing woman or two advances with great form, and with slow steps, to the centre of the court, under the bride's window; here the ladies salute their visitors with, "Loo! loo! loo!" which they return by laying their right hand on their breasts, as they are conducted quite round the circle. Ample time is afforded them to survey the surrounding beauties; and there are but few, who, on these occasions, are so cruel as to keep the veil quite closed. Such an assemblage of bright black eyes, large earrings, and white teeth, are but rarely seen in any country, I should suppose. After having made the circuit, the largess is given, and exposed to view by the chief *danseuse*, and, according to its amount, is the donor hailed and greeted by the spectators. Previous to their departure, all visitors discharge their pistols, and then again the ladies salute with the "loo! loo!" So far from being displeased at my asking permission to pay my respects, they considered it as a favour conferred, and the bridegroom, although he could not himself be admitted, attended me to and from the house of his mistress. This ceremony being ended, a little before sunset, the bride prepares to leave her father's house; a camel is sent for her, with a *jaafa** or sedan chair, of basket-work, on its back, covered with skins of animals, shawls from Soudan, Cairo, and Timbuctoo: she steps into this, and so places herself as to see what is going forward, and yet to be entirely hid from the view of others. She is now conducted outside the town, where all the horsemen and footmen, who have arms, are assembled. Our escort, on this occasion, added greatly to the effect, as they were all, by Boo-Khaloom's order, in the field, consisting of sixty mounted Arabs; and when they all charged and fired at the foot of the bride's camel, I really felt for the bride's situation; but it was thought a great honour, and that, I suppose, consoled her for the fright. They commenced by skirmishing, by twos and fours, and charging in sections at full speed, always firing close under the bride's *jaafa*: in this manner they proceeded three times round the town, the scene occasionally relieved by the little interlude of the bridegroom's approaching the

* This is only called *jaafa*, when a bride is conveyed in it—at other times, a *caramood*.

camel, which was surrounded by the negroes, who instantly commenced a cry, and drove him away, to the great amusement of the by-standers, exclaiming, "Burra! burra! (be off! be off!) mazal shonia! (a little yet!)" With discharges of musketry, and the train of horsemen, &c. she is then conveyed to the bridegroom's house; upon which it is necessary for her to appear greatly surprised, and refuse to dismount: the women scream, and the men shout, and she is at length persuaded to enter, when, after receiving a bit of sugar in her mouth from the bridegroom's hand, and placing another bit in his, with her own fair fingers, the ceremony is finished, and they are declared man and wife.

On the travellers arrival at Zeghren, Major Denham was invited to take up his quarters at the house of Abdi Zeleel, a merchant, who introduced him to his wife and sister; the latter, who appears to have been an African beauty of no ordinary pretensions, offered the major a wooden bowl of fresh milk, the greatest rarity she could present, with a confusion that seemed to intimate our countryman had made some impression on her. He says:—

"It was the Jemma, (Friday,) the sabbath, and she was covered, for I cannot call it dressed, with only a blue linen barracan, which passed under one arm, and was fastened on the opposite shoulder with a silver pin, the remaining part thrown round the body behind, and brought over her head as a sort of hood, which, as I remarked, had fallen off, and my having taken her hand when she set down the milk had prevented its being replaced. This accident displayed her jet black hair in numberless plaits all round her expressive face and neck, and her large sparkling eyes and little mouth, filled with the whitest teeth imaginable. She had various figures burnt on her chin with gunpowder; her complexion was a deep brown; and round her neck were eight or ten necklaces of coral and different-coloured beads. So interesting a person I had not seen in the country; and on my remaining some moments with my eyes fixed on her, she recommenced the salutation, "How is your health?" &c. and smiling, asked with great naiveté, "whether I had not learned, during the last two months, a little more Arabic." I assured her I had. Looking round to see if any one heard her, and having brought the hood over her face, she said, "I first heard of your coming last night, and desired the slave to mention it to my brother. I have always looked for your coming, and at night, because at night I have sometimes seen you; you were the first man whose hand I ever touched, but they all said it did not signify with you, an *Insara*, (a Christian,) God turn your heart! but my brother says you will never become Moslem; won't you to please Abdi Zeleel's sister? My mother says God would have never allowed you to come, but for your conversion." By this time, again the hood had fallen back, and I again had taken her hand, when the unexpected appearance of Abdi Zeleel, accompanied by the governor of the town, who came to visit me, was a most unwelcome interruption. Omhal Henna quickly escaped;

she had, however, overstepped the line, and I saw her no more.

Passing over a period of about three years and three hundred pages of narrative, we find Major Denham again at Zeghren, on his return to Tripoli, and, various as the females he had seen were, he had not forgotten Omhal Henna. At Zeghren he was fed with the best produce of their *cuisine*, and he proceeds:—

"Omhal Henna, by whom I was so much smitten on my first visit to this place, was now, after a disappointment by the death of her betrothed, with whom she had read the *fatah*, just before my first visit, a wife of only three days old. The best dish, however, out of twenty which the town furnished, came from her: it was brought separately, enclosed in a new basket of date-leaves, which I was desired to keep; and her old slave who brought it inquired, "Whether I did not mean to go to her father's house, and *saluam*, (salute,) her mother?" I replied, "Certainly:" and just after dark, the same slave came to accompany me. We found the old lady sitting over a handful of fire, with eyes still more sore, and person still more neglected, than when I last saw her.—She, however, hugged me most cordially, for there was nobody present but ourselves: the fire was blown up, and a bright flame produced, over which we sat down, while she kept saying, or rather singing, "*Ash harlek! Ash ya barick-che fennick?*" "How are you? How do you find yourself? How is it with you?" in the Patois of the country, first saying something in *Ertana*, which I did not understand, to the old slave; and I was just regretting that I should go away without seeing Omhal Henna, while a sort of smile rested on the pallid features of my hostess, when in rushed the subject of our conversation. I scarcely knew her at first, by the dim light of the palm-wood fire; she, however, threw off her mantle, and, kissing my shoulder, (an Arab mode of salutation,) shook my hand, while large tears rolled down her fine features. She said, "she was determined to see me, although her father had refused." The mother, it seems, had determined on gratifying her.

"Omhal Henna was now seventeen: she was handsomer than any thing I had seen in Fezzan, and had on all her wedding ornaments: indeed, I should have been a good deal agitated at her apparent great regard, had she not almost instantly exclaimed, "Well! you must make haste; give me what you have brought me! You know I am a woman now, and you must give me something a great deal richer than you did before: besides, I am Sidi Gunana's son's wife, who is a great man; and when he asks me what the Christian gave me, let me be able to show him something very handsome." "What!" said I, "does Sidi Gunana know then of your coming?" "To be sure," said Omhal Henna; "and sent me. His father is a Marabout, and told him you English are people with great-hearts and plenty of money; so I might come." "Well, then," said I, "if that is the case, you can be in no hurry." She did not think so; and my little

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present was no sooner given, than she hurried away, saying, she would return directly, but did not keep her word. Well done, simplicity! thought I. Well done, unsophisticated nature! No town-bred coquette could have played her part better.

In their journey to Mourzuk, our countrymen were accompanied by twenty-four slaves, liberated for the purpose. Mohammed D'Ghies, formerly prime minister to the Bashaw, liberated two young women, natives of Begharim, and learning they had a sister also in slavery, he purchased her freedom, and provided the means for enabling them all to return home. Near Temenhint, they met with six Mamelukes, the only ones remaining of a party who had left Cairo fifteen years before, and who had undergone great sufferings. Among the attendants of Major Denham, was one Adolphus Sympkins, a native of St. Vincent, a very useful fellow, who spoke three European languages, and perfect Arabic. The journey was much enlivened by the wit and sagacity, as well as by the poetry, extempore and traditional, of the Arabs, who escorted them. We need not observe that the Bashaw of Tripoli had rendered our travellers every assistance, and the chiefs appointed to accompany them were as follows:—

Of the tribe of M'Garha, Sheikh Abdi Smud ben Erhoma, from the Syrtis, with seventy men. He often said that his father's name was renowned in song, for having killed one hundred men with his own hand in battle; and please God! he should exceed him, for he was but thirty-five, and had brought forty to the ground already.

The M'Garhas are at this time in great favour with the bashaw, and entirely exempt from tribute of any sort, from having assisted him very materially in annihilating the Waled Suleyman; I must, therefore, give some account of them.

They principally inhabit the Syrtis, where a considerable body always remain; tribes of them, with their flocks, pitch their tents for the months of pasture wherever they can find forage, and in times of peace, even to within a few leagues of Tripoli. When the present bashaw determined on putting a finishing stroke to the Waled Suleyman, by the extermination of the tribe, he, like a wily politician, sent offers of peace and protection to the M'Garhas, the ancient and inveterate enemies of the Seffenusser. In their occasional skirmishes no quarter was given, and a Waled Suleyman literally sucked the blood of a M'Garha, after giving him the finishing blow: children were even called upon to follow the parent's example, so that they might imbibe all the hatred felt by their ancestors, and *vice versa*. The tribe of M'Garha readily accepted the bashaw's offers, and with their assistance, about six years back, the Waled Suleyman struggled with the power of the bashaw for the last time.

Of the general character of the Arabs, Major Denham gives a good account:—

'Arabs are generally thin meagre figures, though possessing expressive and sometimes handsome features, great violence of gesture, and muscular action. Irritable and fiery

they are, unlike the dwellers in towns and cities; noisy and loud, their common conversational intercourse appears to be a continual strife and quarrel; they are, however, brave, eloquent, and deeply sensible of shame. I have known an Arab of the lower class refuse his food for days together, because, in a skirmish, his gun had missed fire: to use his own words, "Gulbi wahr," "My heart aches:" "Bindikti kedip hashimtri gedam el naz;" "My gun lied, and shamed me before the people."

The fondness of an Arab for traditional history of the most distinguished actions of their remote ancestors is proverbial; professed story-tellers are even the appendages to a man of rank; his friends will assemble before his tent, or on the platforms, with which the houses of the Moorish Arabs are roofed, and there listen, night after night, to a continued history, for sixty, or sometimes one hundred nights together. It is a great exercise of genius, and a peculiar gift, held in high estimation amongst them. Certain tribes are celebrated for the gift of extempore speaking and singing; the chiefs cultivate the propensity in their children; and it is often possessed to an astonishing degree by men who are unable either to read or write.

'Arabic songs go to the heart, and excite greatly the passions: I have seen a circle of Arabs straining their eyes with a fixed attention at one moment, and bursting with loud laughter; at the next, melting into tears, and clasping their hands in all the ecstasy of grief and sympathy.'

Further on, in an account of Major Durham's journey to the eastern shores of the Lake Tchad, he gives us a translation of one of their ballads. Our travellers, in the desert, had met another party of Arabs, and on such a rencontre, it is usual for them, for days after, to sing ballads descriptive of the event. The following is a sample, if not a literal translation, of one of their poetical sketches on such an occasion, and is very pretty:—

'The Arab rests upon his gun,
His month of labour scarce begun
Of passing deserts drear;
Straining his eyes along the sand,
He fancies in the mist a band
Of plunderers appear.

'Again he thinks of home and tribe,
Of parents and his Arab bride
Betrothed from earliest years:
Then high above his shaven head,
The gun that fifty had left dead,
Rallies his comrade's fears.

'Yeolad boo! yeolad boo!
Sons of your fathers! which of you
Will shun the fight and fly?"
They rush towards him, bright in arms,
Thus calming all his false alarms
By promising to die.

'The sounds of men, as objects near,
Strike on the listening Arab's ear,
Laid close upon the sand:
He hears his native desert song,
And plunges forth his friends among
To seize the proffered hand.

'Asalam? Asalam? from every mouth;
What cheer? what cheer? from north to south,

Each earnestly demands:
And dates and water desert fare,
While all their news of home declare,
Are spread upon the sands.

'But soon! too soon! the kaffas move;
They separate again to prove,
How desolate the land!
Yet, parting slow, each seeks delay,
And dreading still the close of day,
They press each other's hand.'

The attachment of the Arabs to pastoral life, is ever favourable to love, and

'Many of these children of the Desert possess intelligence and feeling, which belong not to the savage; accompanied by an heroic courage, and a thorough contempt of every mode of gaining their livelihood, except by the sword and gun. An Arab values himself chiefly on his expertness in arms and horsemanship, and on hospitality.

'Hospitality was ever habitual to them. At this day, the greatest reproach to an Arab tribe, is—"that none of their men have a heart to give, nor their women to deny." Nor does this feeling of liberality alone, extend to the chiefs, or Arabs of high birth. I have known the poor and wandering Bedouin to practise a degree of charity and hospitality far beyond his means, from a sense of duty alone.

'Notwithstanding all the savageness of an Arab, there are sometimes noble thoughts, which seem to cross over his powerful mind; and then again to leave him choked up with weeds of too strong a growth to be rooted out.

'Cowardice is ever visited in an Arab, by the most disgraceful punishments; he is often bound, and led through the huts of the whole tribe, with the bowels and offal of a bullock, or some other animal, tied round his head; and amongst a people, who only desire to be rich, in order to increase the number of their wives, probably the greatest punishment of all is that, could even any woman be found who would receive him as a husband, which would be an extraordinary circumstance, no Arab would allow him to enter into his family, with such a stain on his character as cowardice.

'The Arabs, however, have their vices and their defects; they are naturally addicted to war, bloodshed, and cruelty; and so malicious as scarcely ever to forget an injury. Their frequent robberies committed on traders and travellers, have rendered the name of an Arab almost infamous in Europe. Amongst themselves, however, they are most honest, and true to the rights of hospitality; and towards those whom they receive as friends into their camp, every thing is open, and nothing ever known to be stolen; enter but once into the tent of an Arab, and by the pressure of his hand, he ensures you protection, at the hazard of his life. An Arab is ever true to his bread and salt; once eat with him, and a knot of friendship is tied, which cannot easily be loosened.'

Major Denham relates a curious anecdote of Hamet Ghreneim, having been despatched by the bashaw with a letter to Abdi Zeleelhen Seffenusser, with orders to stab him while he read it, and return with his head;

the crime of Abdi was a charge of not promptly enough obeying an order to attend the bashaw, and his enemies attributed his reluctance to disaffection and cowardice. Hamet had 500 miles to ride, previous to executing his bloody commission, and it was the sixteenth with which he had been entrusted, and "in God's name, he struck, and struck home." His victim in this case, was of more consequence than any of his former ones, and his reward would have been greater; he, however, respected the courage of Abdi, though his clan were the enemies of that of Hamet.

"On arriving at the hut of the Arab chief, he met Hamet at the door, kissed the signet of the bashaw, and desired him to perform his office, adding—"You are a M'Garha, and an enemy to our house." "I am, replied the other," and therefore not capable of assassinating a Seflenusser; if you are guilty, fly, mine be the risk."

Thus far, we have only dwelt on the introductory chapter, except passing on, to glean some facts connected with the subject, we now come to what is entitled, *Recent Discoveries in Africa*, commencing with a journey from Mourzuk to Kouka, in Bornou, whither our travellers set out on the 29th of November, having taken a necessary quantity of dates and provisions. The road lay over a stony plain, without the least appearance of vegetation. About sunset, on the 17th of December, they halted near a well, within half a mile of Meshroo:—

"Round this spot were lying more than one hundred skeletons, some of them with the skin still remaining attached to the bones—not even a little sand thrown over them. The Arabs laughed heartily at my expressions of horror, and said, "they were only blacks, *nam boo!*" (damn their fathers!) and began knocking about the limbs with the but-end of their firelocks, saying, "This was a woman! This was a youngster!" and such like unfeeling expressions. The greater part of the unhappy people of whom these were the remains, had formed the spoils of the Sultan of Fezzan the year before. I was assured that they had left Bornou with not above a quarter's allowance for each, and that more died from want than fatigue. They were marched off with chains round their necks and legs: the most robust only arrived in Fezzan in a very debilitated state, and were there fattened for the Tripoli slave market.

"Our camels did not come up until it was quite dark, and we bivouacked in the midst of these unearthed remains of the victims of persecution and avarice, after a long day's journey of twenty-six miles, in the course of which one of our party counted one hundred and seven of these skeletons."

"One of the skeletons we passed to-day, had a very fresh appearance; the beard was still hanging to the skin of the face, and the features were still discernible. A merchant travelling with the kafila, suddenly exclaimed, "That was my slave! I left him behind four months ago, near this spot."—"Make haste! take him to the *fsug*," (market) said an Arab wag, "for fear any body else should

claim him." We had no water, and a most fatiguing day."

"Six days of desert were passed without the slightest appearance of vegetation; the road strewn with skeletons, of which they counted from sixty to ninety a day. At one place they found the bodies of two women, locked in each other's arms, in the manner they had expired. On the 24th of December, Major Denham says,—

"One of our nagas (camels) had this day her accouchement on the road; and we all looked forward to the milk, which the Arabs assured us, she had in abundance, and envied us not a little our morning draughts, which we were already quaffing in imagination. However, one of the "many slips between the cup and the lip," was to befall us. The poor thing suddenly fell, and as suddenly died; the exclamations of the Arabs were dreadful. "The evil eye! the evil eye!" they all exclaimed, "She was sure to die, I knew it." "Well! if she had been mine, I would rather have lost a child, or three slaves!" "God be praised! God is great, powerful, and wise, those looks of the people, are always fatal."

Boo-Khaloom, an Arab merchant, under whose conduct Major Denham travelled, was much surprised at the engravings in Capt. Lyons work; on turning over the prints of the natives, he swore he knew every one of them, but he could not be made to understand a landscape, and when he saw the engraving of a gun, he asked where was the powder. The Arabs appear to have little skill in surgery, and their sovereign remedy for all complaints, is burning with a red hot iron. An unfortunate merchant, of Tripoli, Mohamed N'diff, who suffered from an enlarged spleen, was thus operated upon.

"While five or six Arabs held him on the sand, the rude operators burnt him on the left side, under the ribs, in three places, nearly the size of a sixpence each. The iron was again placed in the fire, and while heating, the thumbs of about a dozen Arabs were thrust in different parts of the poor man's side, to know if the pressure pained him, until his flesh was so bruised, that he declared all gave him pain, four more marks with the iron were now made, near the former ones, upon which he was turned on his face, and three larger made within two inches of the back bone. One would have thought the operation was now at an end; but an old Arab who had been feeling his throat for some time, declared a hot iron, and a large burn absolutely necessary, just above the collar bone on the same side. The poor man submitted with wonderful patience to all this mangling, and after drinking a draught of water, moved on with the camels."

Our travellers suffered much from thirst, and Major Denham says, that camels' milk, which six months before, would have been an ennetic to him, was now a luxury. They reached Burwha, the first negro town they had seen, on the 11th of February, 1823. It is walled and a place of some strength; the walls are above thirteen or fourteen feet high, and have a dry ditch, which runs quite

round them. The town covers an extent of about three square miles, and contains five or six thousand inhabitants. There is a covered way, from which the defenders lance their spears at the besiegers, and instantly conceal themselves.

On the 16th of February, the party reached, within one hour's journey of the sheikh's residence, Kouka, and now they began to tread on ground, hitherto unknown, and to become acquainted with a people, who had never seen or scarcely heard of an European. The discoveries here made, are highly interesting. Major Denham says:—

"Our accounts had been so contradictory of the state of this country, that no opinion could be formed as to the real condition or the numbers of its inhabitants. We had been told that the sheikh's soldiers were a few ragged negroes armed with spears, who lived upon the plunder of the Black Kaffir countries by which he was surrounded, and which he was enabled to subdue by the assistance of a few Arabs who were in his service; and again, we had been assured that his forces were not only numerous, but to a certain degree well trained. The degree of credit which might be attached to these reports was nearly balanced in the scales of probability; and we advanced towards the town of Kouka in a most interesting state of uncertainty, whether we should find its chief at the head of thousands, or be received by him under a tree, surrounded by a few naked slaves.

"These doubts, however, were quickly removed. I had ridden on a short distance in front of Boo-Khaloom, with his train of Arabs, all mounted, and dressed out in their best apparel, and, from the thickness of the trees, soon lost sight of them, fancying that the road could not be mistaken. I rode still onwards, and, on approaching a spot less thickly planted, was not a little surprised to see in front of me a body of several thousand cavalry drawn up in line, and extending right and left quite as far as I could see; and checking my horse, I awaited the arrival of my party, under the shade of a wide spreading acacia. The Bornou troops remained quite steady, without noise or confusion; and a few horsemen, who were moving about in front giving directions, were the only persons out of their ranks. On the Arabs appearing in sight, a shout or yell was given by the sheikh's people, which rent the air; a blast was blown from their rude instruments of music, equally loud, and they moved on to meet Boo-Khaloom and his Arabs. There was an appearance of tact and management in their movements which astonished me: three separate small bodies, from the centre and each flank, kept charging rapidly towards us, to within a few feet of our horses' heads, without checking the speed of their own until the moment of their halt, while the whole body moved onwards. These parties were mounted on small but very perfect horses, who stopped and wheeled from their utmost speed with great precision and expertness, shaking their spears over their heads, exclaiming, "*Barca! barca! Alla hiakkun cha, alla cheraga!*"—Blessing

bleeding! Sons of your country! Sons of your country!" and returning quickly to the front of the body, in order to repeat the charge. While all this was going on, they closed in their right and left flanks, and surrounded the little body of Arab warriors so completely, as to give the compliment of welcoming them very much the appearance of a declaration of their contempt for their weakness. I am quite sure this was premeditated; we were all so closely pressed as to be nearly smothered, and in some danger from the crowding of the horses, and clashing of the spears. Moving on was impossible, and we therefore came to a full stop. Our chief was much enraged; but it was all to no purpose; he was only answered by shrieks of "Welcome!" and spears most unpleasantly rattled over our heads, expressive of the same feeling. This annoyance was not, however, of long duration; Barca Gana, the sheikh's first general, a negro of a noble aspect, clothed in a figured silk robe, and mounted on a beautiful Mandara horse, made his appearance; and after a little delay, the rear was cleared of those who had pressed in upon us, and we moved on, although but very slowly, from the frequent impediment thrown in our way by these wild equestrians.

The sheikh's negroes, as they are called, meaning the black chiefs and favourites, all raised to that rank by some deed of bravery, were habited in coats of mail composed of iron chain, which covered them from the throat to the knees, dividing behind, and coming on each side of the horse: some of them had helmets, or rather skull caps, of the same metal, with chin-pieces, all sufficiently strong to ward off the shock of a spear. Their horses' heads were also defended by plates of iron, brass, and silver, just leaving sufficient room for the eyes of the animal.

At length, on arriving at the gate of the town, ourselves, Boo-Khaloom, and about a dozen of his followers were alone allowed to enter the gates; and we proceeded along a wide street, completely lined with spearmen on foot, with cavalry in front of them, to the door of the sheikh's residence. Here the horsemen were formed up three deep, and we came to a stand: some of the chief attendants came out, and after a great many "Barcas! Barcas!" retired, when others performed the same ceremony. We were now again left sitting on our horses in the sun: Boo-Khaloom began to lose all patience, and swore by the bashaw's head, that he would return to the tents if he was not immediately admitted: he got, however, no satisfaction, but a motion of the hand, from one of the chiefs, meaning "wait patiently;" and I whispered to him the necessity of obeying, as we were hemmed in on all sides, and to retire without permission would have been as difficult as to advance. Barca Gana now appeared, and made a sign that Boo-Khaloom should dismount, we were about to follow his example, when an intimation that Boo-Khaloom was alone to be admitted, again fixed us to our saddles. Another half hour at least passed without any news from

the interior of the building; when the gates opened, and the four Englishmen only were called for, and we advanced to the skiffa (entrance). Here we were stopped most unceremoniously by the black guards in waiting, and were allowed, one by one only, to ascend a staircase; at the top of which we were again brought to a stand by crossed spears, and the open flat hand of a negro laid upon our breast. Boo-Khaloom came from the inner chamber, and asked, if we were prepared to salute the sheikh as we did the bashaw? We replied, "Certainly;" which was merely an inclination of the head, and laying the right hand on the heart. He advised our laying our hands also on our heads; but we replied, "The thing was impossible! we had but one manner of salutation for any body, except our own sovereign!"

Another parley now took place, but in a minute or two he returned, and we were ushered into the presence of the Sheikh of Spears. We found him in a small, dark room, sitting on a carpet, plainly dressed in a blue robe of Soudan and a shawl turban. Two negroes were on each side of him, armed with pistols, and on his carpet lay a brace of these instruments. Fire-arms were hanging in different parts of the room, presents from the bashaw, and Mustapha L'Achmar, the Sultan of Fezzan, which are here considered as invaluable. His personal appearance was prepossessing, apparently not more than forty-five, or forty six, with an expressive countenance and a benevolent smile. We delivered our letter from the bashaw; and after he had read it, he inquired, "What was our object in coming?" We answered, "To see the country merely, and to give an account of its inhabitants, produce, and appearance; as our sultan was desirous of knowing every part of the globe." His reply was, "That we were welcome! and whatever he could show us would give him pleasure; that he had ordered huts to be built for us in the town; and that we might then go, accompanied by one of his people, to see them; and that when we were recovered from the fatigue of our long journey, he would be happy to see us." With this we took our leave.

Our huts were little, round, mud buildings, placed within a wall, at no great distance from the residence of the sheikh. The enclosure was quadrangular, and had several divisions formed by partitions of straw mats, where nests of huts were built, and occupied by the stranger merchants who accompanied the kafilas: one of these divisions was assigned to us, and we crept into the shade of our earthy dwellings, not a little fatigued with our entré and presentation.

Our huts were immediately so crowded with visitors, that we had not a moment's peace, and the heat was insufferable. Boo-Khaloom had delivered his presents from the bashaw, and brought us a message of compliment, together with an intimation that our own would be received on the following day. About noon, we received a summons to attend the sheikh; and we proceeded to the palace, preceded by our negroes, bearing the

articles destined for the sheikh by our government; consisting of a double-barrelled gun, by Wilkinson, with a box, and all the apparatus complete, a pair of excellent pistols in a case, two pieces of superfine broad cloth, red and blue, to which we added, a set of china, and two bundles of spices.

The ceremony of getting into the presence was ridiculous enough, although nothing could be more plain and devoid of pretension than the appearance of the sheikh himself. We passed through passages lined with attendants, the front men sitting on their hams; and when we advanced too quickly, we were suddenly arrested by these fellows, who caught forcibly hold of us by the legs, and had not the crowd prevented our falling, we should most infallibly have become prostrate before arriving in the presence. Previous to entering into the open court, in which we were received, our papouches, or slippers, were whipped off by these active though sedentary gentlemen of the chamber; and we were seated on some clean sand on each side of a raised bench of earth, covered with a carpet, on which the sheikh was reclining. We laid the gun and the pistols together before him, and explained to him the locks, turn screws, and steel shot cases holding two charges each, with all of which he seemed exceedingly well pleased; the powder-flask, and the manner in which the charge is divided from the body of powder, did not escape his observation: the other articles were taken off by the slaves almost as soon as they were laid before him. Again we were questioned as to the object of our visit. The sheikh, however, shewed evident satisfaction at our assurance that the King of England had heard of Bornou and himself; and, immediately turning to his kaganawha (counsellor), said, "This is in consequence of our defeating the Begharmis." Upon which, the chief who had most distinguished himself in these memorable battles, Bagah Furby, (the gatherer of horses), seating himself in front of us, demanded, "Did he ever hear of me?" The immediate reply of "Certainly" did wonders for our cause. Exclamations were general; and, "Ah! then, your king must be a great man!" was re-echoed from every side. We had nothing offered us by way of refreshment, and took our leave.

Bullocks, camel-loads of wheat and rice, skins of butter, jars of honey, &c. were among the presents furnished night and morning by this hospitable people; sometimes a camel load of bream or mullet was thrown before their huts. Here was a market for the sale of slaves, sheep, and bullocks, at which fifteen thousand persons were assembled:—

The costumes of the women, who for the most part were the vendors, were various: those of Kanem and Bornou were most numerous, and the former was as becoming as the latter had a contrary appearance. The variety in costume amongst the ladies consists entirely in the head ornaments; the only difference, in the scanty covering which is bestowed on the other parts of the person, lies in the choice of the wearer, who either

ties the piece of linen, blue or white, under the arms, and across the breasts, or fastens it rather fantastically on one shoulder, leaving one breast naked. The Kanemboo women have small plaits of hair hanging down all around the head, quite to the poll of the neck, with a roll of leather or string of little brass beads in front, hanging down from the centre on each side of the face, which has by no means an unbecoming appearance: they have sometimes strings of silver rings instead of the brass, and a large round silver ornament in front of their foreheads. The female slaves from Musgow, a large kingdom to the south-east of Mandara, are particularly disagreeable in their appearance, although considered as very trustworthy, and capable of great labour: their hair is rolled up in three large plaits, which extend from the forehead to the back of the neck, like the Bornowy; one larger in the centre, and two smaller on each side: they have silver studs in their nose, and one large one just under the lower lip, of the size of a shilling, which goes quite through into the mouth: to make room for this ornament, a tooth or two is sometimes displaced.

The principal slaves are generally intrusted with the sale of such produce as the owner may have to dispose of; and if they come from any distance, the whole is brought on bullocks, which are harnessed after the fashion of the country, by a string or iron run through the cartilage of the nose, and a saddle of mat. The masters not unfrequently attend the flog with their spears, and loiter about without interfering: purchases are mostly made by exchange of one commodity for another, or paid for by small beads, pieces of coral and amber, or the coarse linen manufactured by all the people, and sold at forty gubka for a dollar. Amongst other articles offered to me for sale by the people (who, if I stood still for an instant, crowded around me), was a young lion and a monkey; the latter appeared really the more dangerous of the two, and from being a degree or two lighter in complexion than his master, he seemed to have a decided aversion to me.

The lion walked about with great unconcern, confined merely by a small rope round his neck held by the negro, who had caught him when he was not two months old, and having had him for a period of three months, now wished to part with him; he was about the size of a donkey colt, with very large limbs, and the people seemed to go very close to him, without much alarm, notwithstanding he struck with his foot the leg of one man who stood in his way, and made the blood flow copiously: they opened the ring which was formed round this noble animal as I approached; and coming within two or three yards of him, he fixed his eye upon me in a way that created sensations I cannot describe, from which I was awakened by the fellow calling to me to come nearer, at the same time laying his hand on the animal's back: a moment's recollection convinced me that there could be no more danger nearer than where I was, and I stepped boldly up beside the negro, and I believe

should have laid my hand on the lion the next moment; but, after looking carelessly at me, he brushed past my legs, broke the ring, and pulled his conductor away with him, overturning several who stood before him, and bounded off to another part, where there were fewer people.

At Birnie, which is another walled town, the Sultan of Bornou resides, and Major Denham and his party visited him on the 3rd of March; the interview, which is curious, he thus describes:—

‘He received us in an open space, in front of the royal residence; we were kept at a considerable distance, while his people approached to within about 100 yards, passing first on horseback; and after dismounting and prostrating themselves before him, they took their places on the ground in front, but with their backs to the royal person, which is the custom of the country. He was seated in a sort of cage of cane or wood, near the door of his garden, on a seat, which at the distance appeared to be covered with silk or satin, and through the railing looked upon the assembly before him, who formed a sort of semicircle, extending from his seat to nearly where we were waiting. Nothing could be more absurd and grotesque, than some, nay all, of the figures who formed this court. Here was all the outward show of pomp and grandeur, without one particle of the staple commodity, power, to plead its excuse; he reigns and governs by the sufferance of the sheikh; and the better to answer his views by making him more popular with all parties, the sultan is amused by indulging in all the folly and bigotry of the ancient negro sovereigns. Large bellies, and large heads are indispensable for those who serve the court of Bornou; and those who unfortunately possess not the former by nature, or on whom lustiness will not be forced by cramming, make up the deficiency of protuberance by a wadding, which, as they sit on the horse, gives the belly the curious appearance of hanging over the pommel of the saddle. The eight, ten, and twelve shirts of different colours that they wear one over the other, help a little to increase this greatness of person; the head is enveloped in folds of muslin or linen of various colours, though mostly white, so as to deform it as much as possible; and those whose turban seemed to be the most studied, had the effect of making the head appear completely on one side. Besides this, they are hung all over with charms, inclosed in little red leather parcels, strung together; the horse also, has them round his neck, in front of his head and about the saddle.

‘When these courtiers, to the number of about two hundred and sixty, or three hundred, had taken their seats, in front of the sultan, we were allowed to approach to within about pistol shot of the spot where he was sitting, and desired to sit down ourselves, when the ugliest black that can be imagined, his chief eunuch, the only person who approached the sultan's seat, asked for the presents. Boo Khaloom's were produced, inclosed in a large shawl, and were carried unopened to the presence. Our

glimpse was but a faint one of the sultan through the lattice work of his pavilion, sufficient, however, to see that his turban was larger than any of his subjects; and that his face, from the nose downwards, was completely covered. A little to our left, and nearly in front of the sultan, was an extempore declaimer, shouting forth praises of his master, with his pedigree; and near him one bore the long wooden frumfrum, on which he ever and anon blew a blast long and unmusical. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the appearance of these people squatting down in their places, tottering under the weight and magnitude of their turbans and their bellies, while their legs that appeared underneath, but ill accorded with the bulk of the other parts.’

Major Denham, with perhaps more chivalry than discretion, joined a predatory expedition against the Sultan of Mandara; his object was, no doubt, to be enabled by this means to penetrate farther into the country, and at the same time observe the military tactics and exploits of those tribes. The chief command was vested in Barca Gana, who in battle was like ‘the rolling of thunder,’ or who ‘spreads terror around him like a buffalo in his rage,’ for such were the terms in which his praises were sung as they marched. Boo-Khaloom was joined to Barca Gana; pioneers cleared the way, in the shape of running footmen; and, on Major Denham associating himself with the chiefs, the band sung some extempore verses, of which the following is nearly a literal translation:—

‘Christian man he come,
Friend of us and sheikhobe;
White man, when he hear my song,
Fine new tobe give me.

‘Christian man all white,
And dollars white have he;
Kanourie like him come,
Black man's friend to be.

‘See Felatah, how he run;
Barca Gana shake his spear:
White man carry two-mouthed gun,
That's what make Felatah fear.’

Barca Gana's force consisted of 3000 cavalry, and eighty Arabs on foot. On approaching Delow, the first town in Mandara, containing 10,000 inhabitants, they saw before them the Sultan of Mandara, surrounded by about five hundred horsemen, posted on a rising ground, ready to receive them, when Barca Gana commanded a halt:—

‘Different parties now charged up to the front of our line, and, wheeling suddenly round, charged back again to the sultan. These people were finely dressed in Soudan tobies of different colours: dark blue, and striped with yellow and red; bornouses of coarse scarlet cloth; with large turbans of white or dark-coloured cotton. Their horses were really beautiful, larger and more powerful than any thing found in Bornou, and they managed them with great skill. The sultan's guard was composed of thirty of his sons, all mounted on very superior horses, clothed in striped silk tobies; and the skin of the tiger-cat and leopard forming their shabracks, which hung fully over their horses' haunches

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After these had returned to their station in front of the sultan, we approached at full speed in our turn, halting with the guard between us and the royal presence. The parley then commenced, and the object of Boo-Khaloom's visit having been explained, we retired again to the place we had left; while the sultan returned to the town, preceded by several men blowing long pipes, not unlike clarionets, ornamented with shells, and two immense trumpets from twelve to fourteen feet long, borne by men on horseback, made of pieces of hollow wood, with a brass mouth-piece, the sounds of which were not unpleasant.

The Arabs, seeing the Mandara people so well clothed and comfortable, said—

"If Boo-Khaloom pleased, they would go no further; this would do." Boo-Khaloom and the Arab sheiks had repeatedly exclaimed, when urging El Kanemy to send them to some country for slaves, "Never mind their numbers—arrows are nothing, and ten thousand spears are of no importance. We have guns! guns!"—exclaiming, with their favourite imprecations, '*Nakalou-e-kelab fésaa*,' (We'll eat them, the dogs, quickly)—'*cich nu abeed occul*,' (what! why, they are negroes all!)

In the evening an interview with the sultan was appointed:—

'We entered the town, Boo-Khaloom and myself riding on Barca Gana's right and left; and at the farther end of a large square was the sultan's palace. As is usual on approaching or visiting a great man, we galloped up to the skiffa at full speed, almost entering the gates. This is a perilous sort of salutation, but nothing must stop you; and it is seldom made except at the expense of one or more lives. On this occasion, a man and horse, which stood in our way, were ridden over in an instant, the horse's leg broke, and the man killed on the spot. The trumpets sounded as we dismounted at the palace gate; our pouches, or outward slippers, were quickly pulled off: and we proceeded through a wide skiffa or entrance into a large court, where, under a dark-blue tent of Soudan, sat the sultan, on a mud bench, covered however with a handsome carpet and silk pillows: he was surrounded by about two hundred persons, all handsomely dressed in tobies of silk and coloured cotton, with his five eunuchs; the principal men of the country sitting in front, but all with their backs turned towards him. The manner of saluting is curious: Barca Gana, as the sheikh's representative, approached to a space in front of the eunuchs, his eyes fixed on the ground; he then sat down, with his eyes still fixed on the earth, with his back to the sultan, and, clapping his hands together, exclaimed, "*Engo-borou dagah!* (May you live for ever!)—*Allah kiaro!* God send you a happy old age!—*La, lai, barca, barca!* (How is it with you? blessing, blessing!)" These words were repeated nearly by the sultan, and then sung out by all the court. The fatah was then said, and they proceeded to business. Boo-Khaloom produced some presents, which were carried off by the eunuchs unopened; the sultan then expressed his wish to serve

him; said he would consider his request, and in a day or two give him his decision.'

The Sultan Mohammed Bucker was an intelligent little man of about fifty, with a beard dyed of a beautiful sky-blue. The discovery that Major Denham was a Christian seemed to paralyze the sultan and his party, and the negotiation was ultimately broken off. War was now determined on.

'Barca Gana's tent was pitched under the shade of one side of an immense tree called gubberah, much resembling a fig-tree, although wanting its delicious fruit; and the remnants of my tent, which had been mended by his people, and now stood about three feet from the ground, were placed on the opposite side. The trunks of these trees commonly measure ten and twelve yards in circumference near the root, and I have seen them covering more than half an acre of ground with their wide-spreading branches.'

The scenery here was extremely beautiful, and the country fertile, which was a great relief to the horses and their riders. The Bornou warriors prepared for fight, by the chiefs putting on their closely-linked chain jackets. On the 28th of April, as day broke—

'The Sultan of Mandara was close on our flank, mounted on a very beautiful cream-coloured horse, with several large red marks about him, and followed by his six favourite eunuchs, and thirty of his sons, all being finely dressed, and mounted on really superb horses; besides which, they had each from five to six others, led by as many negroes; the sultan had at least twelve. Barca Gana's people all wore their red scarfs or bornouses over their steel jackets; and the whole had a very fine effect. I took my position at his right hand; and at a spot called Duggur we entered a very thick wood, in two columns, at the end of which it was said we were to find the enemy.' 'On emerging from the wood, the large Felatah town of Dirkulla was perceivable; and the Arabs were formed in front, headed by Boo-Khaloom: they were flanked on each side by a large body of cavalry; and, as they moved on, shouting the Arab war-cry, which is very inspiring, I thought I could perceive a smile pass between Barca Gana and his chiefs, at Boo-Khaloom's expense. Dirkulla was quickly burnt, and another smaller town near it; and the few inhabitants that were found in them, who were chiefly infants, and aged persons unable to escape, were put to death without mercy, or thrown into the flames.'

Major Denham gives the following spirited account of the engagement which ensued:—

'We now came to a third town, in a situation capable of being defended against assailants ten times as numerous as the besieged; this town was called Musfeia. It was built on a rising ground between two low hills at the base of others, forming part of the mass of the Mandara mountains: a dry wadey extended along the front; beyond the wadey a swamp; between this and the wood the road was crossed by a deep ravine, which was not passable for more than two or three horses at a time. The Felatahs had carried a very strong fence of palisades, well pointed, and fastened together with thongs of raw

hide, six feet in height, from one hill to the other, and had placed their bowmen behind the palisades, and on the rising ground, with the wadey before them; their horse were all under cover of the hills and the town:—this was a strong position. The Arabs, however, moved on with great gallantry, without any support or co-operation from the Bornou or Mandara troops, and, notwithstanding the showers of arrows, some poisoned, which were poured on them from behind the palisades, Boo-Khaloom, with his handful of Arabs, carried them in about half an hour, and dashed on, driving the Felatahs up the sides of the hills. The women were every where seen supplying their protectors with fresh arrows during this struggle; and when they retreated to the hills, still shooting on their pursuers, the women assisted by rolling down huge masses of the rock, previously undermined for the purpose, which killed several of the Arabs, and wounded others. Barca Gana, and about one hundred of the Bornou spearmen, now supported Boo-Khaloom, and pierced through and through some fifty unfortunates who were left wounded near the stakes. I rode by his side as he pushed on quite into the town, and a very desperate skirmish took place between Barca Gana's people and a small body of the Felatahs. These warriors throw the spear with great dexterity; and three times I saw the man transfixed to the earth who was dismounted for the purpose of firing the town, and as often were those who rushed forward for that purpose sacrificed for their temerity by the Felatahs. Barca Gana, whose muscular arm was almost gigantic, threw eight spears, which all told some of them at a distance of thirty or thirty-five yards, and one particularly on a Felatah chief, who, with his own hand, had brought four to the ground.

— "Incidentictus,

Ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus."

Had either the Mandara or the sheikh's troops now moved up boldly, notwithstanding the defence these people made, and the reinforcements which showed themselves to the south-west, they must have carried the town with the heights overlooking it, along which the Arabs were driving the Felatahs by the terror their miserable guns excited; but, instead of this, they still kept on the other side of the wadey, out of reach of the arrows.

'The Felatahs seeing their backwardness, now made an attack in their turn: the arrows fell so thick that there was no standing against them, and the Arabs gave way. The Felatah horse now came on; and had not the little band round Barca Gana and Boo-Khaloom, with a few of his mounted Arabs, given them a very spirited check, not one of us would probably have lived to see the following day: as it was, Barca Gana had three horses hit under him, two of which died almost immediately, the arrows being poisoned, and poor Boo-Khaloom's horse and himself received their death-wounds by arrows of the same description. My horse was badly wounded in the neck, just above the shoulder, and in the near hind leg: an arrow had struck me in the face as it passed, merely

drawing the blood, and I had two sticking in my bornouse. The Arabs had suffered terribly; most of them had two or three wounds, and one dropped near me with five sticking in his head alone; two of Boo-Khaloom's slaves were killed also near his person.

'No sooner did the Mandara and Bornou troops see the defeat of the Arabs, than they, one and all, took to flight in the most dastardly manner, without having once been exposed to the arrows of the enemy, and in the utmost confusion. The Sultan of Mandara led the way, who was prepared to take advantage of whatever plunder the success of the Arabs might throw in his way; but no less determined to leave the field the moment the fortune of the day appeared to be against them.

'I now for the first time, as I saw Barca Gana on a fresh horse, lamented my own folly in so exposing myself, badly prepared as I was for accidents. If either of my horse's wounds were from poisoned arrows, I felt that nothing could save me: however, there was not much time for reflection; we instantly became a flying mass, and plunged, in the greatest disorder, into that wood we had but a few hours before moved through with order, and very different feelings. I had got a little to the westward of Barca Gana, in the confusion which took place on our passing the ravine which had been left just in our rear, and where upwards of one hundred of the Bornowy were speared by the Felatahs, and was following at a round gallop the steps of one of the Mandara eunuchs, who, I observed, kept a good look out, his head being constantly turned over his left shoulder, with a face expressive of the greatest dismay—when the cries behind, of the Felatah horse pursuing, made us both quicken our paces. The spur, however, had the effect of incapacitating my beast altogether, as the arrow, I found afterwards, had reached the shoulder bone, and, in passing over some rough ground, he stumbled and fell. Almost before I was on my legs, the Felatahs were upon me; I had, however, kept hold of the bridle, and seizing a pistol from the holsters, I presented it at two of these ferocious savages, who were pressing me with their spears: they instantly went off; but another who came on me more boldly, just as I was endeavouring to mount, received the contents somewhere in his left shoulder; and again I was enabled to place my foot in the stirrup. Remounted, I again pushed my retreat; I had not, however, proceeded many hundred yards, when my horse again came down, with such violence as to throw me against a tree at a considerable distance; and alarmed at the horses behind him, he quickly got up and escaped, leaving me on foot and unarmed.

'The eunuch and his four followers were here butchered, after a very slight resistance, and stripped within a few yards of me: their cries were dreadful; and even now the feelings of that moment are fresh in my memory: my hopes of life were too faint to deserve the name. I was almost instantly surrounded, and, incapable of making the least resistance, as I was unarmed, was as speedily stripped, and whilst attempting first to save my shirt,

and then my trousers, I was thrown on the ground. My pursuers made several thrusts at me with their spears, that badly wounded my hands in two places, and slightly my body, just under my ribs on the right side: indeed, I saw nothing before me but the same cruel death I had seen unmercifully inflicted on the few who had fallen into the power of those who now had possession of me; and they were alone prevented from murdering me, in the first instance, I am persuaded, by the fear of injuring the value of my clothes, which appeared to them a rich booty—but it was otherwise ordained.

'My shirt was now absolutely torn off my back, and I was left perfectly naked. When my plunderers began to quarrel for the spoil, the idea of escape came like lightning across my mind, and, without a moment's hesitation or reflection, I crept under the belly of the horse nearest me, and started as fast as my legs could carry me for the thickest part of the wood; two of the Felatahs followed, and I ran on to the eastward, knowing that our stragglers would be in that direction, but still almost as much afraid of friends as foes. My pursuers gained on me, for the prickly underwood not only obstructed my passage, but tore my flesh miserably; and the delight with which I saw a mountain-stream gliding along at the bottom of a deep ravine cannot be imagined. My strength had almost left me, and I seized the young branches issuing from the stump of a large tree which overhung the ravine, for the purpose of letting myself down into the water, as the sides were precipitous, when, under my hand, as the branch yielded to the weight of my body, a large lifla, the worst kind of serpent this country produces, rose from its coil, as if in the very act of striking. I was horror-struck, and deprived for a moment of all recollection—the branch slipped from my hand, and I tumbled headlong into the water beneath; this shock, however, revived me; and with three strokes of my arms I reached the opposite bank, which, with difficulty, I crawled up; and then, for the first time, felt myself safe from my pursuers.'

(To be continued.)

De Foix; or, Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century. An Historical Romance. By ANNA ELIZA BRAY (Late Mrs. Charles Stothard) 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 857. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

If the age of chivalry be past, as Mr. Burke exclaimed, when a million of swords did not leap from their scabbards to avenge the death of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, it is still preserved in memory, and will continue to be perpetuated while it has historians like Mrs. Bray: yes, gentle reader, smile not at the word historian; for although *De Foix* professes only to be an historical romance, yet it is a faithful and vivid picture of the warlike character, manners, and customs, of that chivalrous age—the fourteenth century. The readers of *De Foix* will at once be reminded of Sir Walter Scott, from whom our author differs in this respect—that she makes incident, and even delineation of character, sub-

ordinate to historical truth; while Sir Walter Scott sets place, time, circumstance—every thing at defiance, to revel in the creations of imagination.

In fidelity of description, we know no writer of the present day superior to Mrs. Bray, and her work may be considered as a textbook for an account of the military, monumental, and architectural antiquities of the period to which it relates; nor is it in the broad features of the times that she has alone displayed her knowledge, but in the most minute details.

The story of *De Foix* may be considered as the thread on which gems of great value and great beauty are strung; and it is sufficiently connected to engage the attention of the reader, unless, indeed, the charms of description should make him view the work as a series of distinct pictures, rather than as parts of the same group.

But it will perhaps be said, How has a lady become thus so intimately acquainted with a subject so little likely to engage female attention? The fact is, Mrs. Bray is a highly-gifted woman, and of a studious disposition, and that she carefully watched and assisted her late husband, Mr. Charles Stothard, whose pen and pencil were so successfully employed in affording copious and valuable illustrations of antiquities of the middle ages. As a proof of her talents and acquaintance with this subject, we need only mention that the concluding parts of the monumental effigies of Great Britain, drawn and etched by her late husband, are now publishing under her direction, in a manner which will associate her name with the arts and antiquities of her country.

The story of *De Foix* is taken from the faithful and delightful chronicle of Froissart; and while the truth of history has not been violated in important facts, imagination has filled up the outline with characters and events suited to the nature of romance: the characters in the tale are not quite so vigorously drawn as we could have wished, and in some instances partake more of outline than portrait; this we attribute in some degree to the diffidence of the author, who, conscious of the fidelity of her descriptions, rested on these, and ventured on the portraiture of character with a somewhat trembling hand. In the very first extract, however, which we make, there will be found not only a fine description of a mansion where the court of Gaston Phœbus, Count de Foix, was held, but of some of the persons who figured in the scene:—

'The outward walls were flanked by above thirty massive towers within their enclosure; upon the highest mound of earth stood the donjon, or keep, a work of great antiquity; it seemed to look dark and sternly upon the buildings beneath, like the founder and the guardian of their race. The portal, or chief entrance, was flanked by two round towers on either side, in the impenetrable walls of which were seen divers small windows and loop-holes for the archers. Above this gateway was suspended a brazen helmet, to denote to travellers, that the Count de Foix dispensed the rights of hospitality to all

knights and squires who might chance to enter his territory. This arched gateway, and the smaller one, or wicket, by its side, were richly decked with carvings in stone, as were also the windows above: a style of architecture that prevailed at this period, and of which many interesting specimens still exist.

The court-yard within, or outer Ballium, was surrounded by buildings for the use of the men at arms; and, passing through a second entry, also flanked by towers, the eye was at once presented with the whole range of that part of the structure which formed the palace of the count, appropriated to his state. This palace contained nearly two hundred apartments, beside the baron's hall, that occupied the whole lower range of the south front. Towards the east arose a magnificent chapel, decorated with carvings, and the windows filled with stained glass. Within its walls, the ashes of many a member of the house of De Foix reposed, beneath their brazen or marble effigies.

The lower apartments of the palace were entered by various arched doorways, each surmounted with the arms of the count, and his alliances carved in stone. In front of the second tier of windows was seen a light and elegant balcony, or rather communicating gallery, that led from one window to another. At the back part of this range of buildings, but still within the walls of the castle, was the garden of the palace, decorated with statues, fountains, parterres of flowers and alcoves. A winding path in the garden led to a postern door in the castle walls, which opened upon the woods that overhung the Gave.

It is in an apartment of this palace, (where the Count de Foix usually gave audience to strangers, or to the members of his household,) that we shall introduce him to our readers, and as it is possible they may not all be familiar with the domestic customs of the period of our history, it will not here be amiss to describe the chamber of audience.

It was lofty and spacious, lighted by six large arched windows that overlooked the garden, and commanded a view of the country as far as the eye could range, where the blue distance was finished by the bold outline of the Pyrenees, that often looked against the setting sun, like a flat mass of purple upon a ground of brightest gold. The chamber was hung with Venetian tapestry, representing the siege of Troy, and the acts of Achilles and Hector. A mirror, also of Venetian manufacture, and at that time considered of almost inestimable value, hung facing the entry of the apartment. The floor was inlaid with coloured marbles, and strewn with fresh rushes, whose green and cool appearance was considered a luxury during the summer heats.

The most beautiful flowers of the season, placed in vases of chased silver, decorated the room. The chair of state was of carved ivory, inlaid with gold. Behind it arose a high back, which supported a canopy, the whole formed of crimson velvet, fringed and embroidered with gold. Opposite the chair of state stood a buffet, a piece of magnifi-

cence then in general use, which, according as it was constructed, denoted the rank of its owner. It was formed of finely carved oak, the back part, nearly half the height of the room, was finished by a rich canopy, with pinnacles at the top, that projected beyond the three rows of shelves beneath. These shelves, covered with napkins of white silk, and silver tissue, bore upon them ewers, basins, vases, flagons, and cups of the finest chased gold and silver, with two combat boxes, (or spice boxes,) each of pure gold, and set with jewels. The three shelves of the buffet denoted that the rank of de Foix was that of a county or earl. The dukes of the blood royal were entitled to four shelves to their buffets, and the king alone to five.

A table, covered with cloth of gold, and supported by large chased silver feet, stood opposite the chair. Around the apartment were divers couches, each finished with a canopy and pinnacles, (to correspond with the buffet,) and covered with a piece of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, that trained upon the ground. At the east end of this apartment, a door opened into an oratory, that joined the private room of the Count de Foix. This he never quitted till after the hour of noon, when he usually entered the Chamber of Audience.

Among the persons present were, Sir Evan de Foix and Lady Jane of Boulogne:—

Sir Evan wore a tight dress, that reached from the hip to the foot, of pale blue silk, and above it the coat or vest sat close to the body, and fell half way down the thigh. This vest was formed of crimson brocade, embroidered with gold, and fastened down the front with a row of brooches, like buttons, composed of precious stones. The throat was bare, and the mantle, about the shoulders, of pale blue velvet, hung nearly as low as the feet, the border being scalloped, and crossing the breast, this mantle was fastened down the right shoulder by a row of four fermails, or clasps, of jewels. Upon his head, Sir Evan wore a circle or fillet of fine pearls, and a belt elegantly wrought in gold, and set with jewels, was girt about his hips. The shoes, that reached as high as the instep, were of embroidered velvet.

The Lady Jane of Boulogne, appeared in a dress of white silk, that fell in graceful folds below her feet; her sleeves, of the same material, were long and tight, and fastened from the wrist to the elbow with jewels. The upper part of her dress and the waist was confined by a cote-hardie of green velvet, trimmed with ermine; it reached just above the bosom, and the robe or mantle was fastened to either side by a fermail of jewels placed in front near the shoulders, whilst the cote-hardie was clasped down the breast by diamonds. Her fine brown hair, parted at the back of the head, was bound into two long tresses or plaits, that hung down the back; and around her brows, she wore a circle of emeralds, intermixed with natural flowers. A light scarf of silver tissue, that occasionally served the purpose of a veil, was thrown carelessly about her neck.

There is an admirable chapter in the first volume, entitled the Vigil of Arms, which

would do credit to any romance, by whomsoever written, and several of the scenes throughout De Foix possess a striking interest. The chapter on the Tournament displays the most intimate acquaintance with the laws of chivalry, and the several combats are related with great spirit; we, however, can only make room for the preliminary preparations:—

The lists were extensive, and surrounded by galleries, that had been erected for the accommodation of the principal spectators of the combat. There were also six pavilions destined for the knights. These were formed of red silk bordered with gold. The first was that of Sir Evan de Foix; the second of Sir Eustace the Adopted; and the third was to be chiefly used by Sir Equitan, Poursuivant d'Amour: the three remainder were designed for any knights who might be desirous of breaking a lance with the aforementioned cavaliers. Above the entrance of the three first-mentioned pavilions hung the helmets and achievements of the appellants, or the challengers of all comers, and to each of their tents, were attached two targets emblazoned with their arms; the one being the target of peace, and the other of war: so that any comer, who wished to challenge either of the parties, should he feel desirous to combat without danger, he had but to touch with his lance the target of peace, and the appellant, in that case, was obliged to meet him with a blunt lance, and so on the contrary with a naked one, if the comer touched the target for war. The galleries were covered with cloth and silk, and hung with rich embroideries and tapestry: those destined for the Count de Foix, his court, and the judges of the field, were entirely covered with crimson velvet, embroidered with the arms of the count, and of his chosen knights, each worked upon the colour, (as azure, sable, or gold,) that was the proper field of their bearings. These galleries were surmounted by the different banners and pennons of the persons to whom the achievements belonged, and combined to produce a lively and magnificent effect.

The tournament was to commence at an early hour, on account of the excessive heats which prevailed at this season of the year. Early, therefore, had the multitude assembled, a great number of the marshals of the fields, the heralds, and pursuivants at arms had already taken to the lists, and were busied, some in examining the armour and lances of the knights, others in keeping clear the lists, some in directing the station of the people, and many a herald, in hanging up the shields, or the achievements of a knight who designed to combat, for which service he was to receive a certain number of florins in reward. The arms of the count de Foix, were also now nailed upon the roof of the pavilions, as a compliment to the lord of the tourney. The lists were also paced and examined, that any obstacle likely to interrupt the course of the knights might be removed. All were busy, all animated. The multitude of persons assembled, (some bare-headed, but for the greater part covered with light hoods,) looked, as they moved to and fro,

like one immense body set in motion, so thick and dense was the press. Those portions of the galleries that were thrown open to the people, soon became an object of contest amongst them, and many a scuffle ensued before a seat could be gained. In less than twenty minutes they were all filled to an overflow. Those who were disappointed, returned to join the populace below; who were eagerly employed in watching for the arrival of the count and the knights.

'At length a sound of distant music was faintly heard, when the cry of "They are coming, they are coming," ran through the multitude. Again the crowd was in motion, and again the marshals and men at arms were busied in clearing the way. A low hum of voices succeeded, which, as the cavalcade drew nigh, grew louder and louder, and at length burst into full acclamations, that at times almost drowned the music, and proclaimed the arrival of the train.

'The minstrels of the Count de Foix, in their habits of cloth of gold, first advanced, playing upon their instruments: these were followed by heralds, each bearing about his shoulders a coat, heavy with its costly emblazonments of the arms of the count; then came several of the pursuivants at arms, conducting the judge of peace, mounted upon a chesnut-coloured horse, and bearing his hooded lance in his hand. The judge of peace was fantastically dressed, agreeably to the taste of the ladies, who had always the privilege of nominating the person to fill this office.

'The marshals and the men at arms next advanced, followed by the minstrels who sounded the trumpet for the onset. The arms of the Count de Foix were affixed like a banner to each instrument. At the moment these minstrels entered the lists, they blew a loud and thrilling blast, that seemed to elevate the spirit, and to arouse a martial feeling in every one around. So inspiring is the clarion, which has, from time immemorial, been deemed the instrument of war. Next appeared the chamberlains, who made way for the Count de Foix. He advanced attired in his robes of state, mounted upon his favourite horse, and attended by the judges of the field and twelve esquires of his state. Then came the ladies, Jane and Isabel, with the chief ladies and damsels of the court, each mounted upon a led palfrey, and followed by the ushers and pages of their suite.

'The knights, in part armed for the combat, next appeared, each attended by an esquire and a page: the former bore the helmets of their masters, and the latter the lance—almost every knight carried, about his person, the token that had been bestowed upon him by some favourite lady. Each cavalier was mounted upon a horse armed and caparisoned. The action of the noble animals upon which they rode, the gay and varied colour of their surcoats, the brilliant glitter of their basinets and their armour, sparkling in the beams of the sun, that played upon them, as they shone in the full radiance of its light, produced that magnificent and dazzling effect with which no exhibition of a modern mili-

tary array can bear comparison. The spectacle was grand and imposing, every eye viewed it with delight, every bosom felt interested for the gallant cavalcade, every tongue greeted their approach with loud and enthusiastic acclamations.

'The Count de Foix dismounted, as well as the ladies of the court and suite, without the lists, and proceeded to take their stations in the galleries. The knights rode immediately into the lists, and there dismounted to claim their shields of the heralds; who loudly proclaimed the name of the person to whom each shield was delivered, and added to these proclamations the cry of "To achievement, knights and 'squires, to achievement." Sir Evan de Foix this day shone conspicuous in a magnificent suit of armour. Sir Equitan was attired in the manner described in the opening of the first chapter, and Sir Eustace wore the plain white surcoat above his armour. These retired for a short space within their pavilions, whilst the minstrels played some martial and delightful airs.

'The heralds, marshals, and pursuivants were again busied within the lists, and the heralds, as they gave to each knight his freedom to combat that day, cried "Largesse! largesse!" These cries were answered by the golden florins, bestowed upon them by the esquires, at the command of their masters: the heralds spoke their thanks by again calling aloud "Largesse, largesse, glory to the sons of the brave." The laws of the combat were then read aloud, and the challenge given by Sir Evan de Foix to Sir Equitan, Poursuivant d'Amour, was proclaimed by the heralds in the open lists by sound of trumpet. The esquires led the horses of the knights near their pavilions, every thing was prepared, and every one expecting the onset speedily to commence.'

These extracts will, we fear, give but a feeble idea of the merits of Mrs. Bray's work, and sorry as we should be at her relinquishing her more important studies, we shall be glad again to meet with her in the regions of historical romance.

Lives of Celebrated Architects, Ancient and Modern, with Historical and Critical Observations on their Works, and on the Principles of the Art; by F. MILIZIA. Translated from the Italian, by MRS. E. CRESY, with Notes, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Taylor. 1826.

THIS, we believe, is the first attempt that has been made to fill up in our language, a chasm in the literature of the fine arts. We have Dictionaries of Painters and of Engravers; but, with the exception of the scanty notices in Walpole's Anecdotes, no general biographical work on the professors of architecture. The indifference that has been manifested in this respect, while it shows of what minor importance the art has been held in this country, is the more to be regretted, as this species of biography is quite as capable of being rendered interesting, as that of other artists, and, at the same time, admits of disquisition, criticism, and description. This neglect, also, has, perhaps, tended in some degree to the disadvantage of the art itself;

as its followers have been thereby induced to seek emolument rather than reputation. The impulse, however, which has been given of late years to building, in almost every part of the empire, and the attention it has excited, induce us to entertain more cheering views of the future. Much, certainly, remains to be done, ere architecture become a popular study, and ere we acquire a correct feeling for it; still, contrasted with preceding apathy, almost any indication of a taste for it ought to be hailed as an auspicious omen, and we can point out manifest symptoms of an inclination to abandon the monotonous nakedness to which we have so long adhered in the exteriors of our buildings; and which has rendered our metropolis a mass of unvaried dullness from one extremity to the other—with the exception of here and there a solitary structure. Even works professedly architectural have assumed a more popular character than heretofore; and plans for the improvement of the metropolis have been discussed in St. Stephen's Chapel, where we should almost as soon have expected to hear debates on poetry.

Milizia's work has long been deservedly esteemed abroad, as combining sound criticism with historical research, and is, from its chronological arrangement, well calculated to afford a connected view of the progress of architecture. The introduction consists of a brief but judiciously-written summary of the general principles of the art, forming an abstract of the author's larger work, entitled 'I Principj d'Architettura.' Although each life is given separately, they are placed in chronological order, according to eras and centuries. The first book contains the architects before the time of Pericles, from thence to Alexander the Great, Augustus, and to the fourth century. The second book comprises those from Constantine to the fourteenth century: the third, those from that period to the sixteenth century, and the last book brings us down to the eighteenth century. Some of the earlier articles, of course, contain very little of what can be termed biography, but they abound with valuable historical information and interesting description, collected from a variety of sources, and presented to the reader in a compendious and accessible form. The accounts of Italian architects are, as may be expected, fuller than the others; yet that the author has not been blinded by national partiality, is evident, from the tone of his criticisms.

A few additional lives have been given by the translator, and we rather regret that they were not more numerous, for there are many names that merit a place in such a work, respecting which, it would not have been very difficult to collect information. Among these we may mention Temanza, Leroi, Ledoux, Legrand, Louis, Dewailly, Peyre, Chalgrin, Carr, Payne, Jupp, Gandon, &c., and if some of these are not exactly of very first-rate eminence, they are, at least, of superior interest to several which we here meet with. We are, indeed, rather surprised at finding a niche assigned to Ben Johnson, merely because 'he worked from indigence at the buildings of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in

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his hand, but a book in his pocket.' This, it must be confessed, is bestowing architectural reputation somewhat too cheaply; nor is this the only instance of obscure English names being recorded; an error into which Milizia appears to have been misled by the Vitruvius Britannicus, and owing to which, he has confounded the proprietors of seats with the architects. We could have wished, therefore, that the translator had made some remark in a note, where this has been the case. We do not mention these defects as being of any particular importance, or as detracting from the general merit and usefulness of the work, which will be consulted rather for the history of the art on the continent than in this island.

In a work so replete with information in every page, it is not very easy to select any particular passages; we shall, however, give some extracts in our next number, when we purpose to return to these volumes.

NICHOLS'S PROGRESSES, PARTS X. AND XI.
(Concluded from p. 217.)

'Upon Tuesday, the 11th of May, the princesse went to a towne called Leyden, where, in warlike manner, the burgers gave to her a glad and royall welcome, and there she tarried onely one night.

'Upon Wednesday, the 12th of May, shee departed from Leyden, and went to Harloam, and lay there likewise one night.

'Upon Thursday, the 13th of May, from Harloam she went to Amsterdam by water, where her first welcome was a volley of six hundred great shot, sent from the ships; and then being landed, the burgers of the towne stood ready in armes, to receive her on the shore, and so conducted her to her lodging, presenting her in her passage with two rich and sumptuous pageants erected in the streetes.

'In this towne shee stayed two dayes, and then on the Saturday, being the 15th of May, she left Hollandt, departing from Amsterdam to Utrecht, which is a free-state towne of itselfe. In Utrecht lye seventeen companies of foote and two troopes of horse, who all in faire martial order marched forth, and meeting the princesse, conducted her to her lodging, and tooke their leave of her with lusty volleys of shot. In this towne she continued two dayes.

'On Munday, the 17th of May, the princesse and her honorable friends passed Utrecht to a towne called Ryne in Gelderlandt, staying onely one night.

'Upon Tuesday, the 18th of May, shee departed from Ryne to a towne called Arnham, being there nobly entertained by Grave Vernies, and here she staid two daies.

'On Thursday, the 20th of May, the princesse departed from Arnham to Embrick, where she lodged onely one night.

'Upon Friday, from Embrick she went to Wesell, and there likewise stayed one night.

'On Saturday following, leaving Wesell, she went to Deusbrooke, to dinner; and from thence to Thisseldorp to bed, where she continued two dayes, being magnificently entertained by the young Duke of Branden-

burgh. In this towne the olde Duke of Cleves lyes unburied.

'From Thisseldorp upon Munday, being the 24th of May, her grace went to a new towne called Mullame, and so crossing the water, came to Cullein, where, being worthily received, she stayed two dayes.

'Upon Wednesday, the 26th of May, shee went to a towne by the river side, called Boune, and there dined; where Grave Maurice and Grave Henrick tooke their leaves; and then she departed to a towne called Overwinter, where shee lodged that night. Not farre from this towne are seaven great mountaines standing close together, with three faire castles, in one of which the people of the country report that the divell walkes, and holdes his infernall revels!

'Upon Thursday, the 27th of May, from Overwinter her grace removed to Andernach, and there lodged that night in a nunnery, being there received, welcomed, and entertained by the Bishop of Cullein.

'And from Andernach, on Friday, the 28th of May, she went to Coblentz to dinner; and had there princely entertainment at the hands of the said Bishop of Cullein; and after dinner she removed to Brobgech, being there received by the Bishop of Trier, and stayed in that place that night. Here standeth that castle, in which, by report, a German bishop was eaten up by the rats.

'From this towne, the 29th of May, she departed, and went to Sankevore, being welcomed thither by the young Lantzgrave of Hessen, with whom shee stayed two dayes.

'Upon the 1st of June, being Munday, shee removed to a place called Poopurd, another house of the said Lantzgrave of Hessen; and having beene lodged there one night onely, the next morrow she went to a towne not far from thence, called Baguay, this being the first towne within the Palsgrave's dominions; from whence her next remove was to a village called Cowlsome, where the Palsgrave met her, and with her went to a towne of his owne called Galsham, standing neare the river of Rhene, and there they lodged that night.

'The next day following, the king's officers, who all this while had attended the princesse in her journey, tooke their leaves, and returned towards England. At which time the Lady Elizabeth went to Mentz, a chiefe citie in higher Germany, and had there a solemne, bounteous, and royall entertainment from the Bishop of Mentz, being arch-chancellor in Germany, and an elector in the empire: and was by him feasted for two dayes. Sundry excellent fire-works, helping likewise to were out the time, and to make her welcome appeare more princely and sumptuous.

'Upon the 4th of June, her grace came to a towne called Oppenham, and having lye there one night, the next day passing through the citie of Worms, she was joyfully received with an infinite concourse of people into Franckendal, the towne which the Palsgrave hath given to her for her joynter. The burgers of this towne came forth to meete their prince and princesse in a warlike manner, attiring themselves like Turks, Poles, and Switzers, and so with a solemne and orderly

march conducted them to their lodgings, being a house belonging to the princesse. At night there was a presentation before her of a regall throne; in which were lighted one hundred lampes; it being a figure of that throne of Solomon, when he entertained the Queen of Sheba.

'The next night following was spent in a martiall presentation of the siege of Troy, which was thus performed: a castle of exceeding greatnes was strongly builded, representing Troy, and in it were placed one hundred shot; another army lay before the wals, in the habits of Greekes, who, after this manner, began the siege: first, the horsemen gave the onset, and they retyring, the footmen or the infanterie seconded them with great courage and violence; and at last the Trojans giving them a repulse, the Greekes subtilly sounded a retreat, and seeming to retire, lay hidden in ambush, leaving a horse of extreme proportion and greatnesse before the wals, which, by the Trojans being drawne into the citie, the alarum in the night was given, Troy fired, and the Greekes remained conquerors, and in that triumph marched away.

'The day following, the princesse removed to Heidelberg, being encountred in her passage by one thousand horse, all gentlemen of the country, very richly attired, and bravely furnished with armour, and other warlike habiliments. Of the foot there were sixteen companies, which gave to their lady and princesse a volley of small shot, whose thunder was seconded by twenty-five pieces of great ordnance; and this being done, they marched in martiall order, conducting her to Heidelberg; where the burgers of the towne with all expressions of love, joy, and dutie, received her with heartie welcomes, the windowes of every house being filled with men, women, and children of all degrees; and the streetes covered with throngs of people, drawne thither by the fame of such shewes and pageants as were builded to adde honour to this entertainment, but especially to behold her upon whom all their eyes were fixed with love and admiration!

'After she had thus in great and magnificent state passed through Heidelberg, with the like solemnitie was she conducted into the castle, where the Palsgrave's mother, with other great ladies and gentlewomen, gave to the princesse glad and loving entertainment.

'The following day was honoured with many princes of the empire, who on horsebacke gallantly entered the Tilt-yard, prepared both for Tilt and Turney. And albeit the night, envious of such triumphs, had shut up all the glory of this first day in darknesse, yet in despite of that and night, the second day shone more glorious in courtly honors, shewes, and pastimes then before; and in this magnificall manner came the combatants into the lists aforesaid:—

'The first that entered into the Tilt-yard was the Palsgrave, accompanied with others; before whom, in decent and stately order, was this presentation set forth, to the admiration of the beholders, and great content of the princesse, and the other ladies, who in fit places stood spectators.

'Foremost of all came Jupiter, riding in a very rich chariot, drawne by two griffons, guided by Mercury, who sate as coachman. Next followed Juno in another chariot, drawne by peacockes, and driven by Iris. After her came the God of Husbandry, with three ploughs. After him entered Neptune, the God of the Sea, in a chariot fitted to the state and condition of such a marine deitie; the chariot drawne by three sea-horses; upon Neptune attended a merman, sitting on a rocke, with a glasse in his hand, and behind him, on another rocke, sate three mermaides, singing and playing on instruments. After these mermaides, the next that entered was a centaur, halfe a man, halfe a horse, holding in one hande a booke, and in the other a mace. Then followed Arion, playing on a lute, and sitting on a sea-unicorn. After all these came in the seaven deadly sinnes, all of them chained, and driven forward by a dragon, who continually spet fire.

'Immediately after which entered the Palsegrave, with two more, in a ship, he himsele resembling Jason, attended by sixe 'squires, bearing shields and lances; in the ship was to be scene the golden fleece which Jason fetched from Greece; and at the sterne Envy was dragged, eating her owne heart.

'The next that entered was Mars, drawne in a chariot adorned with all the ensignes of war, and attended by three knights and sixe 'squires bearing lances. After whom, in one chariot, drawne by swans, sate Venus and Cupid; before the chariot went sixe virgines, and behinde it followed Hercules, the sun artificially gazing on the chariot, and three knights following Hercules. Then came Victory in an imperiall chariot, betokening soveraintie; on the top of the chariot stood a displayed eagle; upon this chariot attended three knights and six 'squires bearing lances. Next unto Victory entered Diana, in a chariot made like a forrest, set out and adorned with living birds and beastes, and thus attended: first came sixe satyres, playing on musicke wildely; after whom sixe other satyres came leaping and dauncing antickly; then twelve more leading dogs and deere; then the woodmen, and after them nymphes, with bowes and arrowes; and then the chariot, where other nymphes sate playing and singing; after whom followed three knights.

'The day after, being the 11th of June, they repayed again to the Tilt-yard; the Palsgrave, with those other two, came in riding on horsebacke; he himself still resembling Jason, attended by six 'squires, eight trumpets, seaven footemen, and seaven horses of state, lead single. After him came two others, personating Apollo and Bacchus, and they were in this manner accompanied: first, three wildemen playing on strange musicke, sixe satyres rustickely dauncing to those tunes; then followed three nymphes on horsebacke, crowned with garlands; after them, Musæus, Orpheus, and Eumolpus, on horsebacke, with musicke; then Mydas, setting on an asse, hee himsele having asses' eares, for comparing Pan to Apollo; and next him miserable Marsyas, and a satyre fleaing off his skinne, because hee durst con-

tend with Apollo in musicke. In a short distance from these came in the Nine Muses, placed in several seates upon the mountaine Parnassus, and playing upon severall instruments of musicke; after whom followed closely the three Graces, accompanied with Hercules and Mercury; then Silenus, the steward of Bacchus, with a tunne and a glasse, which, as fast as he filled with wine, he ever and anon dranke off; and after him entered Bacchus, in a chariot drawne by dogges; and attended by these sixe: Junius, Pomona, Hymenæus, Zephyrus, Flora, and Vertumnus. Then followed another person, wearing an imperiall crowne; four others bound in scarfes as prisoners, going before him, and three after him, with drawne swordes, besides foure 'squires carrying lances. After whom entered three, being attyred in the habits of Turkes, waited upon by sixe 'squires bearing lances. And last of all, one in complete armour came riding in, being followed by three persons that ledde barbed horses single. This was the honour, glory, and triumph of the second, ending with as great state, ceremonie, and courtly performance as the day did before.

'Upon the 12th of June, the princesse went on hunting; the Palsgrave, with other Germane princes, the Duke of Lennox, the Earle of Arundell, the Lord Viscount Lisle, and many others, hunted the deere with lances.

'Upon the 13th of June, a merriment was presented to her of mad fellows, with tubs set upon their heads, appparelled all in straw, and sitting on horsebacke, did in this manner runne at Tilt one at another with staves, and made excellent pastime to the beholders.

'Upon the 14th of June, the Duke of Lennox, the Earle of Arundell and his lady, the Lord Viscount Lisle, General Cicill and his lady, tooke their leaves of the prince and princesse.

'And thus, in a few lines, you have a true relation set downe of this noble and princely progresse; the entertainments in every place, being all honourable, bounteous, magnificent, and costly, fitting such a nation to bestow upon a person, then whom none is more worthy.'

Conversations on the Evidences of Christianity, in which the Leading Arguments of the best Authors are arranged, developed, and connected with each other. For the Use of Young Persons and Theological Students. 12mo. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

WE have no hesitation in recommending this work to the public, as being one in which much knowledge is condensed, for the purpose of affording those who have little time for inquiry, (even on a subject they consider most important,) the power of enlightening their minds on many difficult points, and thereby gaining 'a reason for the hope that is in them' of the most consolatory nature.

We have already, it is true, numerous works in which the truth of Christianity is defended; but as its adversaries are continually throwing new missiles, it is right that all who wish well to the cause of Christian reli-

gion should strengthen its bulwarks, and exhibit in every possible form wherein consist their impregnability, majesty, and beauty. The present writer has the merit of being very diligent in the cause, for he has evidently drawn Truth from the deepest and purest wells afforded by ancient record and modern learning; and yet he has thrown over his work an air of originality which gives it the interest of novelty. It appears, indeed, his wish to establish all the strong facts relative to the foundation of the Christian dispensation from its adversaries, and we have not met with any writer who meets objections more willingly, or examines them more diligently. The form adopted, which is that of a father conversing with his family, is very agreeable to the reader, though it must have been difficult to the writer; for it is always difficult to render that which is sacred familiar, and prevent that which is profound from becoming heavy and tedious. The effort has, to our apprehension, been made here very successfully, and we trust a great many persons will be found willing to avail themselves of the knowledge and learning rendered so easy of access, and tending so fully and effectually to refute the impudent assertions and untenable conclusions which are every day thrust upon us, from a despicable swarm who, where they fail to injure, yet certainly torment, and in their perpetual buzzing confuse, where they fail to convince.

In a neat and modest preface, the author requests 'that those who may regard the whole as unsatisfactory, will not suffer their minds to be prejudiced in consequence of its deficiencies against the cause it advocates,' and forcibly recommends a perusal of various excellent authors, to whom it is evident to us that he has referred, for that he found in them most excellent. We will not, however, detain the reader from an extract, which we must make *par hasard*; since, in a work of this nature, it is impossible to do justice, by any regular examination of the contents, to the abilities and vigilance of the writer, to whom we tender our own sincere thanks, accompanied with an earnest desire that he may find the reward of his labour in the good which he seeks to effect. We give the opening of the sixth conversation:—

'*Beatrice*.—I had no idea, previously to our last conversation, that so many important facts relative to the history of the Christian religion could have been established solely from the testimony of adversaries. Has it ever been attempted before?

'*Mr. B.*—There is a very good French work, by a learned man of the name of Ballet, which was translated into English by a Mr. Salisbury; but unfortunately both the original and the translation are very scarce, and the authors little known, except to those who make a point of inquiring into works of this kind.

'*Edward*.—Your references were commonly made to Lardner.

'*Mr. B.*—They were so, as being better adapted for immediate reference than any other, and on account of the reputation that author has justly acquired for correctness.

'*Edward*.—It seems, however, that the

same facts made a different impression upon the mind of Gibbon!

Mr. B.—They did so, and there is something very remarkable in his infidelity. We find him confiding almost implicitly in the statements of Cardan, Fabricius, Tillemont, and other laborious investigators into the real history of those times, and treating Voltaire, and others like him, with quiet contempt, yet desirous, when Christianity was concerned, of believing the latter rather than the former. Gibbon has in a great measure enabled us to account for his infidelity; and the facts of the case remain unimpeached, notwithstanding his scepticism. You are both of you aware that Dr. Watson published the Apology for the Bible in reply to him, a work deservedly popular. In his reply to Davies, Gibbon has made some remarks on others of his antagonists not destitute of justice; but it is hardly worth your while to spend much time on the controversy. In the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, you will find an examination of the reasons assigned by Mr. Gibbon for the success of Christianity; and in the first chapter of Paley's *Evidences*, some very judicious observations connected with the subject.

Edward.—I do not see how it can be denied, unless all confidence in history be shaken, that Christianity was indeed established at the time, by the person, and under the circumstances alleged, so far as merely the course of nature is concerned; and it appears certain that the contemporary Pagans regarded the professed belief of the Christians, as proceeding from conviction, so that I would allow the sincerity as well as the zeal of the early Christians, but we yet appear too far removed from the first century to have any certainty that what we now call Christianity is really the religion originally promulgated by Christ. It appears probable, that for some time it did not excite such attention from those without the pale of the church, as would be a security to us that no material alterations, additions, omissions, had been made in it from time to time.

Beatrice.—It is even to this day disputed what Christianity is, among those who profess it; and the answer that it is the religion founded by Jesus Christ is not sufficient.

Mr. B.—It is only part of the answer which is requisite; and I add, therefore, that it is the religion taught in the New Testament.

Beatrice.—But do all Christians allow this?

Mr. B.—I think I may say it is universally allowed; but from the multitudes of sects now existing, which assume the Christian name, it is not in my power positively to assert the fact. I can, however, do what is of more importance—I can prove that from the earliest times this has been the case with regard to the great mass of Christians, and as the nature of the subject evidently prevents the possibility of proving more, this ought to be sufficient.

Edward.—It will be quite sufficient.

Mr. B.—In the first place, then, I must observe, that though we have some information on the subject from the adversaries of

Christianity, we must of course look to the Christian writers for the knowledge of what, in their time, was regarded as constituting the sum and substance of the Christian religion; and having established the great facts of the existence of Christianity at different periods, and under peculiar circumstances, from the testimony of enemies alone, I am certainly at liberty to argue from thence, in order to account for any deficiency of their testimony in other respects. Now when we find the religion in question despised and treated as madness, looked upon as the offspring of excessive credulity, and regarded as unworthy the attention of sensible men, you cannot be surprised that its enemies should be unacquainted with its authentic documents, and that they should give us little information on the subject!

Edward.—From those who more particularly attacked it in their writings, we might however expect more.

Mr. B.—We might, and here we have; for Julian, Porphyry, and Celsus, do confirm, not only the existence of the New Testament, at the periods in which they wrote, but even direct their attacks against its statements and reasonings, as being the great foundation of Christianity.

Beatrice.—This would establish the fact of its being generally regarded as *one* of the statements on which Christianity rested, but not as being the only one.

Mr. B.—But as their attacks do not extend to any other, we cannot infer even the existence of any other, as received by the Christians, as of authority among them; and by the works of Christian writers, we may prove that no other was then so received.

We must here close a work, evidently not calculated for hasty perusal nor inefficient extracts, but which we are confident will improve on a closet acquaintance. It is neatly got up, and the extracts, which are necessarily numerous, are given in a smaller type, which is a great improvement; but we think it deficient, in having no table of contents.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A CHILD ASLEEP.

How soft and balmy is thy sleep,
How infantine,—how easy,—deep;
O may'st thou never wake to weep,
Thou sweet bud of mortality!

The dimple on thy cheek is fair,—
How soft and silky is thy hair;
May angels make thee still their care,
Thou sweet bud of mortality!

Thy cheeks are both so lovely red,
Just like the clouds o'er heav'n that spread,
When the bright sun does leave his bed,
On a May-morning,—beautiful!

A healthful bloom o'er-spreads thy face;
In thy fair lineaments we trace,
A being of celestial race,
Come down to dwell with us awhile!

How sweet that smile play'd o'er thy lips,—
Now to thy eyes the phantom skips,
Now o'er thy brow as quickly trips,
Now in thy locks meandering!

But art thou mortal?—made of clay?

A vision that will melt away?

And hast thou but short time to stay,
To cheer thy parents here below?

I'd fain believe that thou art one,
Sent from before th' eternal throne,
And hast some heavenly medicine borne,
To scatter through this wilderness.

And yet I could not wish to see,
Thy doom for ever fix'd to be,
Ty'd down to earth;—I'd wish to thee,
An angel's liberty in heaven!

For thou art form'd to tune thy lay,
Before heav'n's glorious majesty,
In the refulgent blaze of day,
That does surround the eternal throne!

Yes, yes,—a spright of airy mould,
There thou wilt stand with harp of gold,
Thy name with angel bands enroll'd,
Attendants on the King of kings! O. N. Y.

IMPROMPTU, BY MRS. CAREY,

On hearing some ill-natured remarks on Mrs. Shelley's *Last Man*.

TAKE courage, fair Shelley! though cynics condemn,
And dull prozers find faults where they can;

The ladies will read, since there's not one of them
But must wish to behold the *Last Man*.

SONNET,

On an April Day.

PICTURE of life! emblem of mortal man!

We ne'er can gaze upon thy smiles and tears,
But we must feel those bosom-searching fears,

That tell us life's at best a little span,

A very April day, where morn began

Her halcyon hour, her happy-seeming race,
With sprightly joy, and smiles upon her face,
Whilst her warm flush the balmy zephyr's fan;

But, ah! how soon the gloomy storm appears,
To check the ardent smile that morning wore;
How soon sad Nature's face is dimm'd with tears,

Whilst Night, approaching, bids her smile no more!

Such, such is life! But through death's darkest gloom,

Man sees a morn eternal dawn beyond the tomb!

J. M. L.

FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

CONFIDENT as we are that in the formation of a national gallery, its august patron, his present Majesty, has no other view or other wish than the encouragement of the fine arts, and the rendering this country as celebrated for the possession of treasures of art as it is for wealth and power, we cannot but regret that the managers of this institution should give so much just cause for reprehension; as, however, their career is not yet far advanced, and a reform of their system *now* may retrieve their own character and that of the National Gallery, we shall not fail to point out their errors and condemn their mismanagement. The exposure made in *The Literary Chronicle* of the absurd and improvident expenditure of £9,000 on three pictures, which, at the utmost, were not worth more than £6,000, has not escaped the notice of the diurnal press. Nothing, indeed, can be more absurd than to expect Chancellors of the Exchequer or Paymasters of the forces to be able to judge of the value of works of art, because—and we do not attribute it as a fault, they are not sufficiently skilled in the subject

to know a copy from an original. Honest Frederick Robinson, (for though a Yorkshire man, he is honest,) we are sure, would not pretend to it; and however some toad-eaters may flatter Sir Charles Long that he is a connoisseur of the arts, his own good sense must tell him that they give him credit for a talent he does not possess.

Alluding to the late purchase, a writer in *The Times* considers the Titian, (Bacchus and Ariadne,) as worth about £4,000; the Poussin, about £500; and the Caracci, he says, might be spared. The *Morning Herald*, which has a very just critique on the three pictures, observes that the value of works of the old masters have of late years been very much depressed, and have not fetched one half, and in some instances one fourth, of what they did a few years back. Still, as we observed, when pictures like the Titian are to be obtained, we would not look at every shilling, though we do believe that any other persons but those employed by government would have bought for six thousand guineas, at the utmost, the three pictures, for which the conservators of the National Gallery have given nine thousand guineas. Of the incapacity of those gentlemen to conduct such an establishment as it ought to be conducted, a writer in *The Times* furnishes the following instance in the outset of their career:—

‘On the purchase of the Angerstein collection, some of the pictures that composed the original collection were withheld. Why did not those gentlemen, for the public good, insist upon the withdrawing of all copies and doubtful pictures, that have the names of masters appended to them who never saw them? The reason is obvious: they did not know that they were copies, which is an admission that they are not equal to the trust which they have undertaken. Yet Christ praying in the Garden, Correggio, is a copy*. A Concert, Titian, is a libel on the master: so is the Velasques, the Dominichino, the studies of heads by Correggio, and The Holy Family of Rubens, with one or two others that do not occur to me at present. It has been a job, but even under such a denomination, must be hailed as the harbinger of an establishment that will contribute to the wealth and glory of the empire, placed under the control of liberal and enlightened directors. The recent additions are further proofs of their incompetency.’

* There are three pictures on this subject in England at the present time, each claiming to be the original Correggio. One of these is in the possession of the Duke of Wellington, who is said to have got it in Madrid, out of the King of Spain's palace, during the Peninsula campaign. Another of these rival representations is the one in the National Gallery. The late Mr. Angerstein gave between two and three thousand pounds for it; and Sir C. Long has given his opinion, that it is the real Correggio. The third picture, is the present property of Count Macauley, late secretary to the Archduchess of Parma, (Maria Louisa.) It is authenticated by documents, and is said, from the time of its being drawn to its removal to this country, to have ornamented the private gallery of Count Serati, at Parma, of which city Correggio was a native.

We said the directors of the National Gallery have never bought any thing like bargains, and have commented on the impropriety of such an establishment being under the management of a picture-cleaner, and, (Heaven bless the mark!) a major in the army, as if there was no artist possessing either talents or integrity for the office. The very appointment of such persons is an insult to the artists and the arts of Great Britain, which requires to be wiped off by government reforming it altogether. Some of our diurnal contemporaries have, like us, felt this, and one of them, *The Herald*, has the following judicious observations on the subject:—

‘Perhaps the government, in the purchasing of pictures, labour under a disadvantage which individuals would not; the owners making a point of charging enormously, on account of the character of the purchaser; but these things are managed better in France, where in the obtaining of many of their very finest works, (we allude not to those stolen by Bonaparte,) the advantage in the purchase has been greatly on the side of the nation. The internal management of the establishment of the Louvre, is also a model for similar institutions, not being degraded by private interest, nor vitiated by patronage. The institution, as belonging to the nation, being considered a dignified one, a nobleman is appointed to preside over it as director, and a committee of artists walk through the rooms once a month, to see that all is correct. We have appointed for our superintendent a gentleman of respectability, but one whose rank (he being a picture-cleaner and liner) does not agree with the importance of the office. But what is most extraordinary, of all the persons who hold situations in this national establishment for the fine arts, not one has had any thing to do professionally or otherwise with the fine arts.’

We are glad to see this subject taken up by the press, and we hope a watchful eye will be kept on the National Gallery, for it is by such means only that it can be prevented from becoming a rank job, instead of an institution that ought to do honour to the country and the age in which we live.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Macready made his first appearance this season, at this theatre, on Monday night, in *Macbeth*; he has since appeared in *William Tell*, and as his performance in both these characters is well known, it is unnecessary to dwell upon it.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—On Wednesday, after much puffing and preparation, ‘the grand romantic and fairy opera of *Oberon, or the Elf-King's Oath*,’ was produced at this theatre, and the play-bills announced that, ‘in order to prevent all interference with the opinion of the public, all orders would be refused, and the free list suspended,’ on the occasion; this is a pretty plain confession for what purpose orders are given, namely, to interfere with the will of the public.

The opera of *Oberon* is produced by Mr.

Planche, and the whole of the music is composed by Carl Von Weber, the author of *Der Freischütz*. It is founded on Wieland's poem of *Oberon*, so admirably translated by Mr. Sotheby. The plot does not differ much from that of the play produced at Drury Lane Theatre. The interest turns much on the effect of a magic horn, which, when a purpose is to be served, annihilates time and space, and achieves such feats as belong to fairy tales only. The horn is bestowed by Oberon on Sir Huon, of Bourdeaux, and a cup on his squire, which fills with wine at his desire—a very convenient cup for a traveller in Africa, or a toper any where; by the magic spell of the horn, Sir Huon paralyzes a host of Mussulmen, and commits an abduction, for which, in England, he would be severely punished, by carrying off Reiza, the daughter of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid; but the course of true love never yet ran smooth, and the lovers, for so they had become, are shipwrecked; they alone reach the shore, when a party of Corsairs carries off Reiza, and wounds her lord the knight; he is afterwards transferred to Tunis, where he meets his squire, and Fatima, for, like his master, he had carried off the attendant of Reiza. Sir Huon here learns that Reiza is in the harem of the Emir of Tunis, and trying to rescue her, is seized, and condemned to die. Reiza interferes, and is about to suffer with him, when the squire enters with the horn, which he had lost for some time, and ‘blows a blast so loud and strong,’ that the guards and slaves of the Emir become bewildered, and Sir Huon and the lady escape, and of course are united.

The great attraction of the opera is the music. Weber presided in the orchestra, and was received by the audience on his entrance with vociferous applause, which he duly acknowledged. The overture, (which was encored,) opens slowly and beautifully; it afterwards becomes more rapid and vehement, combining the varied powers of all the instruments: but it is inferior to the overture of *Der Freischütz*. The songs, duets, quartets, and choruses, all bespeak the skill of a great master; some of them are distinguished by their majesty and vigour, others by their sweetness and simplicity. Braham and Miss Paton have rarely been seen to more advantage; and Madame Vestris sang some airs exquisitely. The scenery is very beautiful, and some of it of the most splendid description. The piece was favourably received, but the applause was by no means so vehement as we believe was expected; it, however, possesses such merit, that it cannot fail of having a very successful run for some time.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. Mathews continues to draw crowded houses every night he performs; indeed, so mirth-exciting care-killing a fellow as Mathews, can never fail of attracting large audiences from a public with which he is so great and so decided a favourite.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The arrangements for opening the ‘little theatre’ in the Haymarket are said to be completed. The season commences on Monday, with *Paul*

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Pry. Madame Vestris is re-engaged, and the vocal strength of the house is increased by the engagement of Miss Forde and Mr. Alexander Lee, from Dublin; and Mr. Cooper, Mr. John Reeve, and Mr. Osbaldiston, from Norwich, are among the other recruits.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Mr. Yates has repeated his *Reminiscences* on the nights of Mr. Mathews's performance, and on those only; the motive for this we hinted at last week,—in fact, he can only either aim at profiting by the overflow of the English Opera-House, or at injuring Mathews; indeed, he seems to feel himself liable to the latter imputation, if he has authorized some paragraphs which have designedly been put in the newspapers within the last few days. One of these paragraphs impudently stated, that such was the amicable feeling which prevailed between the two gentlemen, that Mr. Mathews went to the Adelphi to witness Mr. Yates's first performance. The Examiner, too, which used to be a better authority in these matters, alluding to the curiosity of Mrs. Paulina Pry, says, 'The countenance of Mr. Yates is immensely eloquent on this occasion; and Mr. Mathews, who, *we are told*, was present, must have felt the merit of the effort.' Now, as Mr. Mathews, on the night in question, and every night of Mr. Yates's performance, was engaged in entertaining a much more numerous and brilliant audience at the English Opera-House, we need not say he was not at the Adelphi, and that the story of his being there, inserted in the Morning Chronicle and other papers, and *told* to the Examiner, is a gross fabrication, the object of which cannot be misunderstood. That Mr. Yates possesses talent we admit—let him rest on it; that he has a right to act when he pleases we also admit; but when he chooses only those nights in which his great prototype appears, let him not talk of liberality or of friendship, which in this case is but a name; but, above all things, let him not drag in Mr. Mathews as an admirer of his entertainment, since he never did see or could have seen it. We may observe that Mr. Yates's *Reminiscences* already seem stale; and as he does not, like Mathews, make every representation new, by his own genius, they already seem to hang heavy even on his own hands.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Mr. Levysen, of Pall-Mall, the silversmith, has on private view a circular plateau, twenty-four inches in diameter, around which are, in bold relief, views of several architectural ruins in the united kingdom, including St. Andrew's Castle, Queen's Gateway, Caernarvon, Conway Castle, Monk's House, Lincoln, Buildwas Abbey, Dunstafrage Castle, &c. &c.; the views appear faithfully executed.

The Life of Mrs. Siddons, by Mr. Boaden, is nearly ready for the press. The author is said to be in possession of some curious and authentic records, relating to Mrs. Siddons' early professional life.

The Literary and Political Life of Sir Philip Francis, who, during more than half a century, attracted so much public attention,

is likely to be soon given to the world, by one who was well acquainted with his genius and talents. The long-disputed question relating to the author of Junius's Letters will, it is said, be finally decided, when this biography shall appear.

Messrs. Baudin, booksellers, Paris, have just published the work which Bonaparte wrote, in his twenty-first year, for the Academy of Lyons, and which is often referred to in the Memorial from St. Helena.

A brochure is announced in the French papers, entitled, *Question d'état, civil et historique,—Napoleon Bonaparte est-il né Français?*

Baron Ankersward, one of the most eloquent members of the Swedish Diet, has translated Jouy's work, *La Morale Appliquée à la Politique*, into his national language.

A splendidly illustrated Pennant was sold at Evans's, for nearly two hundred and fifty pounds, this week; where, at the same time, a copy of Daniel's Rural Sports, with additional engravings, produced fifty-one guineas.

Doctor Shunberg returned on the 22nd of March to Berlin, after an absence of nearly six years, devoted to a journey through Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, Arabia, and Syria. His companion, Mr. Falkenstein, arrived three weeks before him.

Mr. Ebers announces a new annual miscellany, of the character of the *Forget Me Not*, &c. for the year 1827, to be called the *Aurora*. It will be confined to tales, sketches, essays, and the lighter and more brilliant classes of literature; and will be embellished with numerous illustrative engravings, by the best artists.

Egyptian Antiquities.—The King of France has just purchased, at the expense of his civil list, a splendid collection of Egyptian antiquities, now at Leghorn: the cost is 250,000 francs. The collection contains 3000 articles. There are colossal sphynxes; the monolith sanctuary of Philæ; a royal sarcophagus taken from a tomb at Thebes; the famous numerical wall (*muraille numérique*), of the palace of Comæ, entire; an immense bas-relief relative to the conquests of Sesostris; nearly eighty MSS. on papyrus, Egyptian, Greek, Coptic, and Arabic; many articles of gold and precious stones; beautiful Greek and Egyptian inscriptions; the entire *frescos* of an Egyptian tomb at Thebes; several portraits of the ancient Greeks on pannel, and one on canvas, &c.

A medal has lately been struck in Germany in honour of the celebrated Goethe. The design is by Professor Levezow, and the execution by König, medallleur to the King of Saxony. On the front is the head of the poet, (a striking likeness,) crowned with the consecrated laurel, with the inscription, *John Wolff von Goethe*. On the reverse, the full-length figure of the poet, in the antique costume, between the tragic and comic muses, who are crowning him with the garland of immortality.

M. Gambart discovered a comet on the 9th of March, from the observatory at Marseilles. He has calculated its orbit from observations, which comprise a heliocentric arc of 17 degrees, and has found the following

results:—Passage in the perihelium, March 18, 1.627, i. e. March 18, 3 hours, 2 minutes, 47 seconds, afternoon; longitude of perihelium, 102 degrees, 41 minutes, 30 seconds; longitude of the node, 247 degrees, 31 minutes, 20 seconds; inclination of the orbit, 15 degrees, 1 minute, 20 seconds; perihelium distance, 0.976, (that from the earth to the sun being taken for unity,) motion direct. M. Gambart has remarked a striking resemblance between this comet and two comets which appeared, one in 1772, and the other in 1805. If the identity were proved, we should have another period of a comet ascertained, which would seem to be about 6½ years.

Mechanics.—A French engineer, of the name of Poidebard, in the Russian service, enjoyed a patent, which has recently expired, for a machine by which vessels could be towed against the stream of a river. By this invention, which is of incalculable advantage to the prosperity of the Russian empire, the labour of no less than 160,000 men is saved annually in the navigation of the Volga alone.

—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

Progress of Sound.—In the last number of the *Revue Encyclopédique* there is an account of a very extraordinary proposal, viz., to communicate verbal intelligence in a few moments to vast distances, and this not by symbols, as in the telegraph, but in distinct articulate sounds uttered by the human voice. This plan originated with an Englishman, Mr. Dick, according to whose experiments the human voice may be made intelligible at the distance of twenty-five or thirty miles. The experiments of the celebrated Biot have ascertained that sound travels ten times quicker when transmitted by solid bodies, or through tubes, than when it passes through the open air; at the distance of more than half a mile the low voice of a man was distinctly heard. At the latter end of the last century, a clergyman, named Gautier, conceived a plan of transmitting articulate sounds to immense distances; he proposed the construction of horizontal tunnels, that should widen at the extremities, by means of which the ticking of a watch might be heard more distinctly at the distance of 2006 feet than when placed close to the ear: he calculated that a succession of such tunnels would transmit a verbal message nine hundred miles in an hour.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

EPIGRAM. FROM THE SPANISH.

A would-be poet gave a sonnet,

To please his patron high at court,

Who made but one remark upon it:—

'One line's a syllable too short.'

'My lord, you're right,' replied the poet;

Read on; you'll find that near the end

There is a line too long, and so it

Is meant that one shall t'other mend.'

A certain person, not a freemason, who lives on that side of the Thames, vulgarly denominated the Heathen Shore, has a wife, who, to other amiable qualities, adds that of a scold; the other day, he had undergone a severe rating from her, and went out of the house, not in the best of humours; however,

some folks vent their ill humours in curious ways; he vented his as follows:—passing a doctor's, of whom he had some knowledge, he went in, and requested him to go to his house immediately to see his wife, who was extremely bad, with a breaking out in her mouth. The doctor went as requested, and, on desiring to see the lady, and stating his business, was, to his great surprise, saluted with some of the sweetest Billingsgate ears ever heard. 'Oh, oh!' says he, now smelling the joke that had been played him, 'if this is your breaking out, the d—l cure you.'

In his Majesty's ship —, one of the gunner's crew was, from some unhappy cause, love, grog, or glory, at times melancholy mad; the poor fellow would sit about on the guns, moping and musing, or in the waist, looking—

'Like Patience, on a cat-head,
Smiling at a wet swab.'

This man had a remarkably long nose, and he would, when in these melancholy moods, sit for hours looking at it, and muttering to himself—'there—steady—keep your eye upon the object—keep your eye upon the object.' Poor fellow, he was to be pitied, but who could help laughing at him, so ludicrous was his appearance. S. R. J.

FROM A SCHOOLMASTER TO HIS LANDLORD.
Do you know, my dear sir, you've a horse in your stable,

Who comes daily to school, as a dog to the table.

Some horses there are who possess some discerning,

And yours wishes to pick up a few crumbs of learning:

At least, I suppose this to be his intention,
From the fact which I now am just going to mention.

You, doubtless, have heard of the 'sapient pig';
Perhaps of an elephant dancing a jig;

And what should prevent it from coming to pass,

That a horse should not learn as well as an ass;
And if Balaam's ass in Hebrew could speak,
Why should not a horse do the same thing in Greek?

But the fact I'm to mention is simply this:
Your horse, with a most profound quizzical pliz,

Came up to my window a few days ago,
As if there was something he much wished to know.

I immediately rose to make my *congé*,
And politely to ask what his query might be—
A problem in Euclid, or a sentence in Caesar,
Which, I freely confess, have oft puzzled me, sir.
But before I could open the casement, alas,
He, *sans cérémonie*, thrust his nose through the glass!

Now, as I'm a poor tenant, and you, my great lord,

If you'll have the goodness to say but the word,
The glazier will come and mend the said pane,
And then 'twill be whole till it's broken again.
But whenever your horse wants to speak to me more,

Have the goodness to tell him—to come to the door.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS CAREY'S STANZAS, on reading Carrington's Poem of 'Dartmoor,' 'Lines' by Mr. Hatt, and 'Miseries of being a good singer,' in our next.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
April 7	53	61	50	30 16	Fine.
.... 8	51	61	53	.. 12	Do.
.... 9	55	64	45	29 72	Rain.
.... 10	52	57	50	.. 95	Fine.
.... 11	55	59	50	.. 80	Showery
.... 12	50	48	45	.. 22	Do.
.... 13	44	55	50	30 15	Fine

Works just published.—Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, Architecture, &c. Enlarged by the Rev. J. Dallaway, and illustrated by engravings, vol. 1, royal 8vo. 2l. 2s.—Contest of the Twelve Nations, 8vo. 18s.—Tales from the German, 12mo. 7s.—Neale's Essay on Money Lending, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—My Early Days, 18mo. 2s.—Ingram's Principles of Arithmetic, 18mo. 1s.—Renne's Supplement to the Pharmacopoeias, 8vo. 12s.—Wilson's Travels in Norway and Sweden, 8vo. 21s.—Rich's Poems, 8vo. 6s.—The Eccentric Travelers, four vols. 12mo. 14 16s.—Miriam, a Jewish Tale, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Constancy, a moral tale, 12mo. 4s.—Suggestions on Benefit Clubs, 8s.

Just published, in one thick vol. 8vo. 18s. boards, THE CONTEST of the TWELVE NATIONS; or, a View of the Different Bases of Human Character and Talent.

This Work consists of Twelve Chapters; in each of which a different kind of genius, or turn of mind, is brought into view, described, and copiously illustrated by an enumeration of its distinctive qualities, and their modifications, which are rendered obvious to the reader by the frequent citation of examples found in history, and in the lives and works of celebrated public characters, men of science, poets, artists, eccentric persons, criminals, &c.

Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

This day is published, in four vols. 12mo. price £1 2s. boards,

HENRY the FOURTH of FRANCE, a Romance, by ALICIA LEFANU. Author of Leolin Abbey, Helen Monteagle, Tales of a Tourist, Don Juan de las Sierras, &c.

Printed for A. K. Newman and Co. London.

Where may be had, published this Spring—

EUSTACE FITZ-RICHARD, a Tale of the Barons' Wars, 4 vols. £1 4s.

ABBOT of MONTERRAT, a Romance, by W. C. Green, 2 vols. 10s. 6d.

HERALINE, by L. M. Hawkins, 2nd edition, 4 vols. 8vo. £1 12s.

BRAVO of VENICE, by M. G. Lewis, 8th edition, 5s.

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MONTVILLE, or Dark Heir of the Castle, 3 vols. 16s. 6d.

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A PICTURESQUE and DESCRIPTIVE TOUR in the MOUNTAINS of the HIGH PYRENEES: comprising twenty-four coloured Views of the most interesting Scenes, from Original Drawings, taken on the Spot; with some Account of the Bathing Establishments in that Department of France.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS of FERDINAND FRANK, in one very neat pocket volume, price 4s.

Shortly will be published, by Richard Griffin and Co., Glasgow, No. 1, price One Shilling, of a System of

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MECHANICS in THEORY and PRACTICE

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Member of the Geological and Astronomical Societies of London, Professor of Natural Philosophy, &c., in Anderson's Institution, Author of a Dictionary of Chemistry, &c.

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The only system in our language corresponding to the one now proposed is Cavallo's Elements of Natural or Experimental Philosophy. That respectable work is understood to be out of print; and having been published twenty-three years ago, is necessarily deficient in many interesting researches which have sprung up within this fertile period of scientific discovery and improvement. In the important department of Mechanics its details seem quite inadequate to the existing demands of this great Manufacturing Kingdom.

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III. Dynamics. General Equations of Motion.—Motion of a Point in a straight line, Uniform and Varied.—Laws of Falling Bodies.—Motion of a Point in a curve line.—Central Forces.—Pendulum.—Movements of a System.—Collision.—Centre of Percussion and Gyration.—Maximum effect of Machines.—Moving Forces of Animals.

IV. Equilibrium and Pressure of Liquids, or Hydrostatics.—Specific Gravity.—Equilibrium and Oscillations of Floating Bodies.—Capillary attraction.

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